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The Outlook

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Where Negligence Is Guilt

A BOILER explosion on a passenger steamer in these days of safety appliances and State and Federal inspection bears on its face a presumption of criminal neglect or criminal desire to make money at the cost of safety. Morally and legally the burden of proof is on the owners.

About forty persons died, most of them by the horrible death of scalding, when the excursion boat Mackinac's boiler exploded as she was passing through Narragansett Bay on her way to Newport on August 21. It was stated in newspaper accounts that examination by the Rhode Island authorities showed that the boiler was old, worn, and thin in places, and that it had been repaired and patched, and some reports asserted that hurried patching was done just before the trip which proved fatal to many passengers.

It was also stated that Senator Metcalf, of Rhode Island, had urged Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, to institute thorough investigation by the United States Government and that this was now under way.

In this case, of course, as in all such cases, judgment should be suspended till the evidence is in; but somebody is responsible.

The millions of people who use excursion boats and river and coast passenger steamers depend for life and safety on the expert supervision exercised under the laws by Federal and State officials. If this oversight is slack, experience has shown that some owners will neglect their duty and take risks. Such men are less afraid of disaster and prosecution than they are of small dividends. An example of severe punishment laid upon venal or careless inspectors and responsible owners rather than upon individual employees would do vast good in putting a stop to this deadly kind of criminal negligence.

International

Making surgical dressings for the Mackinac's wounded

Is It a Strike, or What?

WITH just one week, as we write, to elapse before the hard coal contracts between operators and miners expire, there is no sign of a compromise agreement. There is, however, a feeling that what will happen may be a mere cessation of work instead of a formal strike. The difference seems negligible; but, if the feelings of the combatants are saved thereby, and they begin to negotiate in earnest, the consumer must perforce be satisfied.

In time of peace prepare against war. If from this industrial battle the people and Congress learn that the time to do something is when no strike impends, much will be gained.

A step in the right direction was taken when a meeting of New England Governors, or their representatives, conferred at Boston, and when in the same week the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce urged that the Borah Coal Regulation Bill (or, we will add, some other adequate measure to throw light on coal production, freight, profits, and middlemen) be rescued from the waste-basket, so to speak, and amended, debated, and acted on by the new Congress. If a permanent National Coal Commission existed to-day, it would be valuable. Many think that power to act in an emergency should be specifically given to the President.

The question is asked, Why should not anthracite consumers combine to protect their interest, which is, in part of the country at least, the public interest? The fact that domestic coal is mostly bought in small quantities is an obstacle, but such action as that of the New England Governors looks in that direction.

New England suffered unduly in the strike of 1923. This is why Mr. John Hays Hammond, noted engineer and head of the late United States Coal Commission, laid emphasis on the possible use of substitutes, and even said:

> The operators realize they are losing their markets to substitutes because of the increasing cost of their product, and because of the constant fear of a shortage of supply. The miners are in the same boat, absolutely, for a strike means the loss of the market, and when they return they will find that operations have been suspended. . . . Anthracite has always been a fetish. We have come to realize that anthracite is a luxury and not to be used at too great a cost. We have plenty of substitutes and will have no trouble carrying on.

Probably, however, anthracite owners and operators bank a good deal on the fact that consumers are loth to exchange better for poorer fuel or to install new methods of heating because of the immediate expense and uncertainty. But they may push even the patient consumer too far!

The Old New York

WHEN Saint-Gaudens's beautiful Diana descended the other day from her aerial post on the tower of

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Madison Square Garden, the cry was, "There goes the guardian of Old New York. Soon nothing of historic fame will be left."

But that Diana was uncast, unmodeled, and undreamed of for thirty-five years after Grisi and Mario opened the Academy of Music in the opera of "Norma." In fact, Diana's birth was exactly the half-way mark between that real Old New York when the Academy was new and the present year.

The fiat has gone forth that the old Academy is to go. It is not, and never was, a thing of beauty, and its joyous memories of music, song, and society do not fit in well with its present sordid surroundings of push-carts and jazzing phonographs. The hall where fashionable New York gathered in the '50's (beginning, to be exact, in 1854) was then up-town; now it is just one moving-picture house among the rest. The old New Yorker is glad that the husk of the Academy is to go; he can remember better without it than with it the night when Patti made her début (and probably later some of her positively final and last farewells), when the gigantic, bird-voiced Parepa sang "Five o'Clock in the Morning" and her tiny husband, Carl Rosa, stood by her side with his violin, when on one occasion Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home" to an audience of three thousand—enormous for those days. Our American songster, Clara Louise Kellogg, is a not less charming memory.

Gradually the majestic and genial reign of Colonel Mapleson declined. Perhaps he was too yielding to his song-birds—some people's memory of the Academy is that of going to see some opera or diva and having the old "Faust" (and perhaps some old diva also) substituted.

There followed a memorable if not glorious era of drama. One remembers the two Sotherns, Otis Skinner, Julia Marlowe, and some popular romantic or homely dramas. That era and the days when great balls and big functions took place in the Academy (the ball in honor of Edward, Prince of Wales, was a famous affair) gave place to the cheap, the common, and the noisy. The real Academy died twenty-five years ago; we are glad that its shell is to be removed.

The Old New Yorker is more likely to mourn the disappearance of the last vestige of up-town Delmonico's. Its rooms have seen famous men and women of social prominence of decades enjoying its fare, savoring its wines, and talking wit and wisdom as well as gossip. With it disappears also the famous up-town restaurant of Mouquin, once deservedly esteemed by editors, artists, and literary people.

With the passing of things old and held in affection, we are glad to note the seventy-fifth birthday of one elderly friend who is as enjoyable and brisk as ever. We won't say that we have read "Harper's Magazine" for seventy-five years, but we know that it has given pleasure to Americans for all that time, that it has been encouraging and helpful to American writers and artists, and that it well deserves to live and entertain until it is thrice its present age.

The Negro as a Business Man

It is a sign of growing race tolerance that the city of Tulsa, in Oklahoma, best known by many as the scene of race war, riot, and house-burning in 1921, invited the National Negro Business League to come there for its annual meeting this summer. Dr. Moton, of Tuskegee, in his address, expressed his pleasure that both races joined in the invitation and the welcome, and his pride that with indomitable pluck and determination Tulsa whites and Negroes had joined in restoring the damage done when passion and prejudice ran riot.

This address showed an encouraging, even surprising, advance in the business resources and activity of the colored people. Thus, the seventy-three banks they own and run have since 1918 raised their capitalization from two and a half to six and a quarter million dollars; their own insurance companies have policies in force amounting to a quarter of a billion dollars; the estimated value of property owned by Negroes in America to-day is over $1,800,000,000.

One curious situation in regard to Negro wealth was brought out when Dr. Moton said: "At this moment I am thinking of the vast opportunities in the hands of our people represented by the holdings in oil lands which they possess in Oklahoma, in Texas, in Arkansas, and in Louisiana. What a blessing it would be to our entire race if the boys and girls who are now the legal heirs of this wealth could be developed and trained for its wise direction when they come to maturity. Here alone is sufficient capital to develop many lines of business which Negroes are now prepared to operate."

An example of what can be done by a single hard-working colored man is recalled by the death last month of the "Negro potato king," Julius C. Groves of Kansas. Born a slave, he died the richest Negro in Kansas. He began to work at forty cents a day; in time, aided by his seven sons, he raised and sold in one year 72,150 bushels of potatoes.

But with all the expansion in finance, business, and in the professions, Dr. Moton repeated and emphasized the words of Booker Washington that "the ultimate seat of power in a democracy is with those who own the land." Accordingly, Dr. Moton advised his people to save money, buy land, and raise intelligent families. He is as urgent as was Dr. Washington that passion and agitation for theoretical recognition should be discouraged and effort for improvement and intelligence take their place. As to what the Negro in America wants Dr. Moton said:

> Thoughtful Negroes, whether North or South, in the last analysis, want an equal chance with other American citizens, whether in banking, merchandising, business in general, and even in religious matters. They want for themselves and their children an absolutely equal chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, unhampered by creed or color, and judged only by the merits of the individual or group. They, like other Americans, want to be dealt with by constituted legal authority. Mobs, lynchings, and burnings have never solved any problem; they have rather aggravated and intensified the feeling of bitterness and hatred.

The spirit of Tuskegee and Hampton is doing much to make the colored race patiently persistent and ambitious to improve morally and intellectually and to become useful citizens.

Hard Luck!

With great reluctance on the part of Commander MacMillan, of the Arctic expedition, and still greater reluctance on the part of Commander Byrd, of the Naval contingent, it has been found inadvisable to continue further this summer the efforts to fly over the great unexplored region north and west of Greenland. After the Naval authorities at home had become convinced that this was wise, Commander Byrd was still anxious to make one more try to establish an advance post for his Navy planes, but of course yielded when the actual order was issued. The questions involved were fully discussd by wireless or radio talk between Etah and Washington—and this was the first time, we believe, that an expedition already in the

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As it begins, shall so persevere

(All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV, Scene 2)

From the Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer

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Dare they let go?

From Mrs. Thomas Crowther, Brattleboro, Vt.

Evans in the Columbus Dispatch

They will have to clip more than just his wings

From Mrs. W. H. Reynolds, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Smith in the Poughkeepsie Evening Star and Enterprise

Tuning her up

From E. J. Shaw, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer

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"Hey, boys, wait a minute"

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kans.

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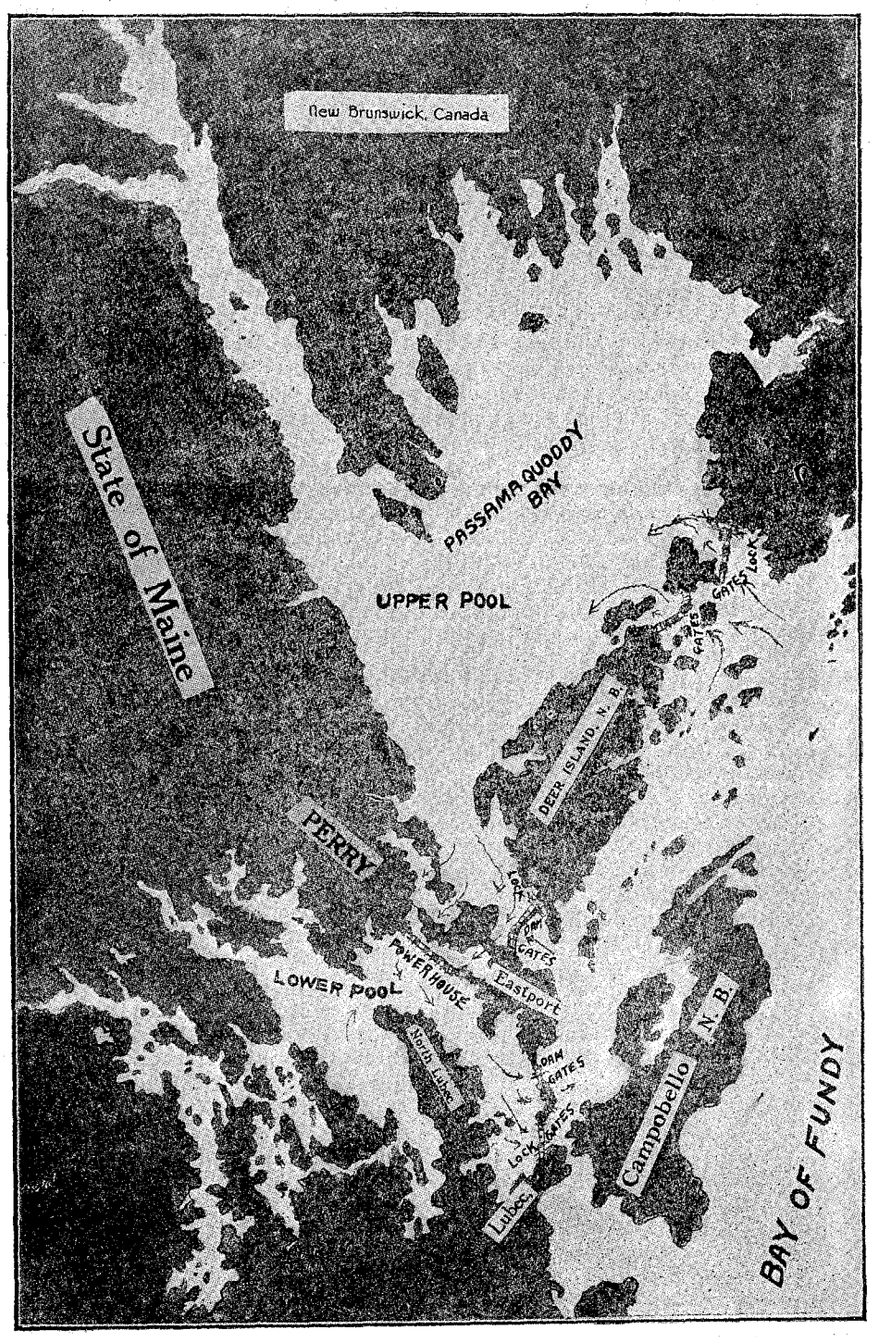
Far North has been able to consult with headquarters many hundreds of miles away.

The cause of the partial restriction of plans has been unprecedentedly persistent fogs, clouds, and snow. Flights and landings have been prevented or shortened, and success in making intermediate bases was delayed so that posts finally established, as described last week, were not ready for action until the summer had almost passed.

The expedition has not been abandoned, as some news headlines declare. It will carry out that part of the plan which included exploration on Baffin Island and the little-known parts of Greenland and Labrador and their ancient traces of colonies. Next year, in all probability, the attempt to scan the unknown seas (and perhaps land) will be resumed. The plan in itself was the most far-reaching and hopeful ever made for exhaustive polar observation. That it is not as well understood as it should be is shown by the fact that one great New York newspaper headed its editorial, "Calling Off the Pole Flight." It never was the intention to "make a try" for the Pole. The good old North Pole is still there or thereabouts where Peary found it, and there are now objects of far more importance in Arctic exploration than to verify Peary's decimals in calculation of that particular ice-floe where latitude is ninety and longitude nil.



The proposed power development in Passsamaquoddy Bay. The arrows show how the currents if controlled by dams would flow. The high tides would fill the upper pool and the ebb tides would drain the lower

When Shall We Enslave the Tides?

VISIONARY schemes by the score have been proposed in the past to harness the tides for vast power. Practically every single one of these schemes has failed before the start, either because it involved the use of impracticable machinery, too-expensive equipment, or because it ignored the fact that the tides are intermittent, while, to be of much use, power must be produced uniformly.

A scheme has now been proposed by Mr. Dexter P. Cooper for generating some 700,000 horse-power from the tides by taking advantage of the peculiar contours of the shore-lines of Maine and New Brunswick. Contiguous to each other are, in Maine, Cobscook Bay, and, in New Brunswick, Passamaquoddy Bay. Here the tides of the adjacent parts of the Bay of Fundy rise twenty-odd feet and fall as much.

Now the simplest way to utilize the tides which flow through the small mouths of these bays would be to dam the openings and install turbines. When the tide rose, the turbines would work; when it ebbed, they would work; but in the intervals they would not work. Such intermittent energy is of little use to man.

The New Project Is Not Visionary

MR. COOPER'S plan is to convert the intermittent flow into a perfectly uniform flow, in this wise: Dam up both bays; put a third wall between them. In the first dam put a gate, like a flap which will open in but not out. The tide rises, raising the level of the bay; it falls, and the flap closes—the water is imprisoned. Now the other bay has its flap gate, too, but this one acts oppositely—it will let no water in; only *out*. As the tide rises outside, this bay will stay at low level.

On the partition wall between these bays install a large group of water turbines, through which the water stored in bay number one at high tide may steadily run during the tideless intervals into bay number two, which partly emptied itself at the last ebb tide. Thus the first bay would fill every twelve hours, but drain into the second continuously; and in the second the received water would pass on to the sea at each low tide. Thus

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the intermittent flow would be translated into uniform flow through the turbines during the entire twenty-four hours.

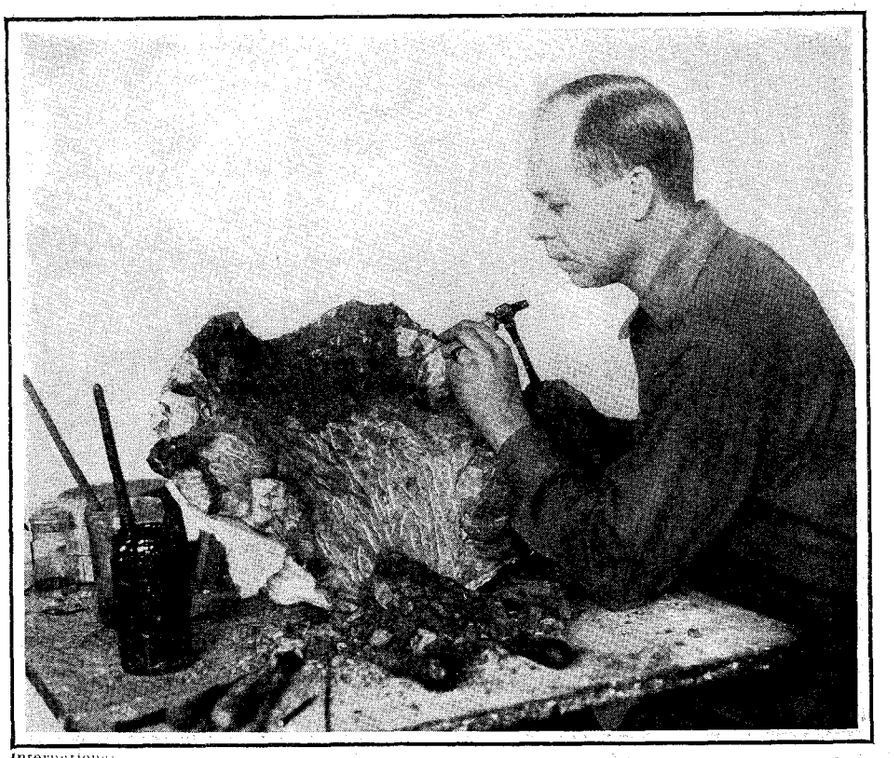
The plan is intrinsically sound and simple; and it is assumed that an engineer of Mr. Cooper's recognized high standing has not committed himself to the actual local engineering problem without reconnaissance of the rock, depths, volume of masonry, and such every-day engineering considerations.

Before this plan, which would provide power for all New England and possibly more, can be put into effect the people of Maine must agree to it by referendum; for they have a law that prohibits the export of water power based at least by intention on the *stream* water power of the State and, unless the power could be exported, the scheme would not pay returns on the estimated investment of $75,000,000. Washington and Ottawa, too, must sanction it, for one of the two large bays involved is in Canada. But the scheme is not visionary, and it would provide twice as much power as Muscle Shoals.

Ancient Culture Finds in Asia

FAR out in the great waste of western Mongolia an expedition of scientists from the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, has been working all summer long in an effort to discover some evidence concerning the evolution not only of man but of the other mammals and the reptiles. This important expedition practically disappeared from view last spring when its caravan of motor cars, loaded with geologists, paleontologists, and zoölogists, left China. The other day a cablegram came from its leader, Roy Chapman Andrews, who had run on ahead of the slowly returning party to investigate conditions in China.

The expedition had been successful beyond hope. Invaluable fossils had been found, among the more spectacular of which were forty more of the dinosaur eggs which created so much interest on the return of the previous expedition two years ago. There were also finds of extensive late old stone age human cultures, corresponding to the Azilian, one of those culture types which have been made so well known by years of excavation in the caves of western Europe; and there were also a few artifacts of the much earlier Mousterian age, that of Neanderthal man, 30,000 to 100,000 years ago. These finds are highly important.



International

Roy Chapman Andrews examining specimens from a former expedition

What these Cultures Signify

THE fact that the series of prehistoric cultures have been so well worked out in Europe is due largely to the fact that Europe is close at hand. Unfortunately, this has tended to convey the impression that the several cultures—the crude 500,000-year-old Foxhallian of East Anglia made known by J. Reid Moir's researches and the earliest evidence we have of man; the less crude Chellean and Acheulian cultures; the Mousterian culture, consisting of chipped artifacts left by the Neanderthal man, who was a distinct (and later an extinct) species of humanity; the Cro-Magnon race, which entered Europe and exterminated Neanderthal man 30,000 years ago; and the Azilian culture, transitional between the old and new stone ages—these cultures, which we knew comparatively well in Europe, now slowly begin to take form over much of the Eastern hemisphere.

The mere finding of corresponding flint implements does not necessarily prove corresponding race or even species, but in the one case, the Mousterian, it is quite likely that Neanderthal man left behind the artifacts just found in Mongolia, especially since other Neanderthal finds have been made within a short time in Siberia, Palestine, and southwestern China. Doubtless, therefore, Neanderthal man ranged far and wide.

The other find, the Azilian type of culture, is more recent—only eight or ten thousand years, if it corresponds in age with the Azilian of western Europe. Even in the latter place we have no actual fossils of Azilian man; only flint implements and peculiar red paintings left on pebbles found in caves. Many believe, however, that this culture was the first wave of the present "dark white" or Mediterranean stock of southern Europe; and, since this stock is believed tentatively to have reached Europe from northern Africa, it would be a great surprise to find that the Azilians of Mongolia were of the same racial stock. Cultures spread from race to race, however, and so in the absence of actual fossils we must fall back on conjecture and future hope.

Reports that the Museum expedition had been expelled from Mongolia were received with strong doubt; its leader is an experienced and diplomatic man and would be unlikely to rub the Soviet fur the wrong way while on a scientific expedition. A cable despatch from Mr. Andrews received later denies that the expedition has been expelled or has violated its agreements.

Lawson of the "News"

IN the death, on August 19, of Victor F. Lawson, publisher and editor of the Chicago "Daily News," America loses one of its greatest newspaper publishers of the old school of individual, as

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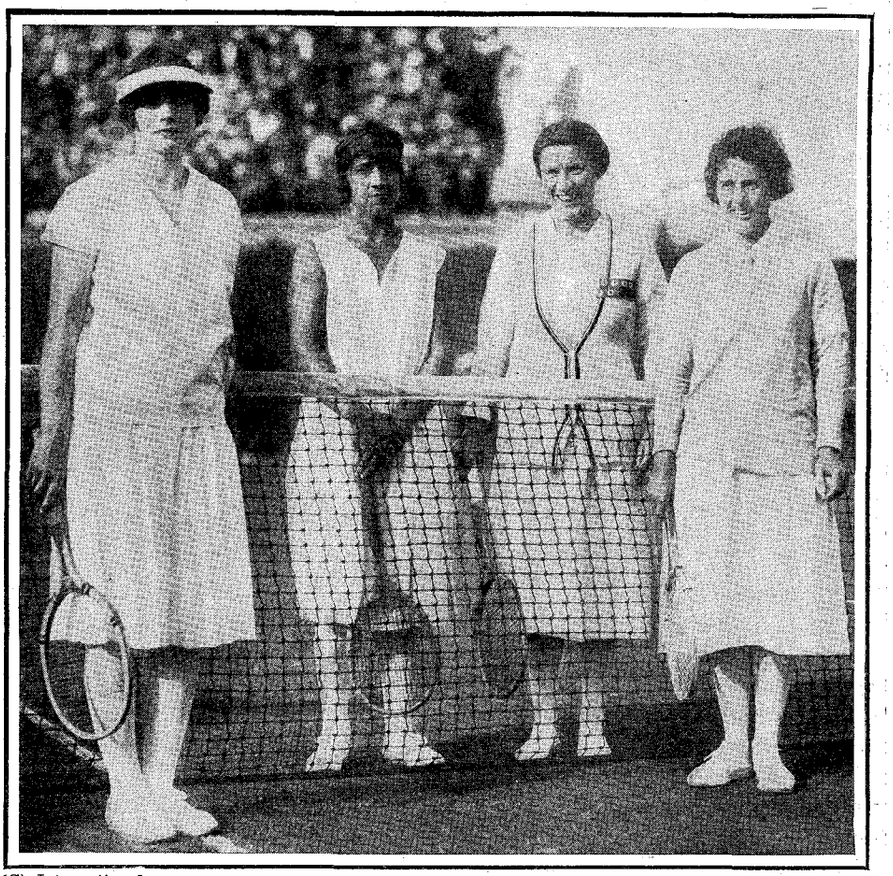
opposed to corporate control. Mr. Lawson was the sole owner of the "Daily News," and the paper was a reflection of his own genius and personality. It represented his courage, independence, and public spirit.

Mr. Lawson was a man of deep religious instincts, being a member of the New England Congregational Church and a regular attendant at its services. His wealth he looked upon as a trust. He contributed liberally, not only to the support of religious activities, but also to movements in the public interest, especially those designed to promote the civic and political progress of his city. Among his notable charities is the Fresh Air Sanitarium, in which sick babies and their mothers are cared for free of charge.

Even more important than his money gifts was the support given by his paper to movements in the public interest. Mr. Lawson was born in Chicago seventy-five years ago. The city then had a population of less than 30,000—now grown to over 3,000,000. He was the son of a Norwegian immigrant, who accumulated a fortune in Chicago, and lost most of it in the great fire of 1871. In 1876, at the age of twenty-five, Mr. Lawson purchased for a small price the "Daily News," established a short time before by Melville E. Stone and others. Mr. Stone was retained as editor. The paper grew with the growth of Chicago. In later years Mr. Lawson developed for the "Daily News" a remarkably efficient foreign news service, extensively syndicated, in which he took great pride. While, rightly, Victor Lawson held that a daily paper must put news first, he did not neglect the literary side of journalism, and was proud of the fact that Eugene Field was what we call to-day a columnist in the "Daily News," and gained his reputation there.

The pen with which the Postal Savings Bank Act was signed by President Taft was sent to Mr. Lawson in recognition of his services in behalf of the measure.

From the beginning the "Daily News" has been an independent newspaper, always putting the public welfare before party. It is uncommon now for a large daily newspaper to be a party organ, but Mr. Lawson set the example of independence when adherence to partisanship was the prevailing policy of newspapers. The "Daily News" under the management of Mr. Lawson was much more than a successful business undertaking. It was also an agency for public service.



(C) International

Miss Helen Wills (left) and Miss Mary K. Browne (extreme right) won the doubles against Mrs. May Sutton Bundy and Miss Elizabeth Ryan (left and right center)

Miss Wills' Will Wins

With one set scored against her on Monday afternoon last week, Miss Helen Wills summoned up her determination and, using her varied technique, tied the match with a love set, and then, outguessing and outplaying her British opponent at the critical points, won the third set, and retained the Women's National Championship.

Miss Kathleen McKane, who was the runner-up in this tournament, did not win the championship; but she won something quite as valuable—public recognition of her skill and sportsmanship. The end of the match was dramatic. One point only stood between Miss Wills and victory. Miss Wills was serving. This time Miss McKane returned her service and there followed a furious rally. At last Miss Wills made a return that seemed beyond Miss McKane's reach, but, undaunted, the British player won her race with the ball and sent back a back-hand drive which Miss Wills was unable to touch. The American champion, assuming that the point was her opponent's, started to resume serving; but Miss McKane came forward with her hand outstretched in congratulation. The ball struck barely an inch beyond the line, and Miss McKane anticipated the verdict of the linesman.

In contrast to the women's international matches, this tournament at Forest Hills was well managed.

Britain's Plight

Mr. P. W. WILSON'S picture of England, which appears in this issue of The Outlook, is not such as to excite America's envy. A country that has distributed for relief amounts exceeding its entire national budget before the war, and grants relief from the state at the rate of six or seven million cases a week among eight million homes, is in a condition which in a double sense may be called doleful. This attempt of the state to distribute money from the treasury to great masses of the people who are capable of earning their own living is truly an experiment in Socialism. It is clearly not devised merely to meet an emergency, but to form a settled policy. As Mr. Wilson frankly states it,

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the community as a community has accepted wholly unprecedented responsibilities for the maintenance of the individual home."

Nothing could be more directly contrary to the philosophy of American democracy than this English system of doles. It is repugnant to the American sense of independence and self-respect, the American scorn for the habitual dependent, and the American belief in the efficacy of self-help and persistent effort.

From an American point of view, therefore, there is no "splendor of idealism" in this English dole system. On the contrary, there is something rather sordid and mean about it, as there is something sordid and mean about municipal tenements as a substitute for individually owned homes.

Perhaps England has not been able to help herself. In view of the facts which Mr. Wilson gives as to the prevalence of poverty in England, this dole system is not a sign of any special progressiveness on the part of England, but rather of her misfortune.

Not long ago J. H. Thomas, who was Minister for the Colonies in the Labor Government, made a statement which testified to the plight in which the English find themselves. "I do not want to appear too pessimistic," said Mr. Thomas, "but I frankly confess that when I survey conditions in all parts of this country—above all, when I see the demoralizing effect that continuous unemployment is having on our young men and women—I am convinced that unless some definite steps are taken, and taken soon, disaster is inevitable." Mr. Thomas meant what he said. He is not a scaremonger.

At the root of this whole English situation is the extreme poverty of masses of the English people. This fact Mr. Wilson emphasizes. And of course such poverty will continue as long as it remains the practice of the great mass of British employers to keep wages down to a minimum. Naturally, such a Socialistic experiment will be tried in a country where no other relief for the worker is provided.

Socialism is not an expression of democracy. It is an alternative to a democracy, a substitute for democracy. And, if we may judge from the results in England, it is a poor alternative, a wretched substitute. While England has been keeping wages down and then paying men for not working, America has been raising wages and has found that the wage-earners have put their savings into investments which have brought new capital into industry, and, therefore, have provided new sources of wealth for the whole people. Socialism is a palliative for hardship. Industrial democracy, on the other hand, as it is finding itself in America, is a means for avoiding hardship and for a better distribution of wealth and a more general control of production.

The difference between England and America in this respect is not altogether the difference that Mr. Wilson points out. It is not that the United States has much more land in proportion to the population. The prime difference is in the attitude on the part of the people themselves toward the problem of self-support. The difference is between a country where traditions of feudalism still survive and a country where there survive the traditions of the pioneer.

One misapprehension is to be dispelled by the reading of Mr. Wilson's article. It has often been said and commonly believed that England's unemployed was her "devastated region." As Mr. Wilson makes clear, unemployment in England is not a product of the war. It is a product of England's economic system. It should not be considered in relation to reparations, except as it is bound to increase as Germany is relieved from her just obligations and is therefore permitted to compete with England on unfair terms.

With Mr. Wilson's opinion that it makes little or no difference in principle whether the state does or does not bear the entire cost of insurance against unemployment, old age, and the like, many will disagree. Insurance in the cost of which the insured participates, even though his participation may be almost automatic, is an act of self-respect and independence and has a very different effect upon the mind of the insured from that of a dole or pension. And there is likewise a difference between a pension system administered by a government for a passive mass of subjects and a pension system which is merely an acceptance by an industry of the risks of that industry.

We are glad that America has not even experimented with the dole system and has not subjected to its insidious effect the rising generations of Americans.

Can a Highbrow Be Patriotic?

AT Williamstown, Massachusetts, the seat of Williams College, and under the Chairmanship of Williams's President, there have been held this summer, as for several summers, the sessions of what is known as the Institute of Politics. Men of considerable distinction both here and abroad have given lectures and conducted "round-table" discussions. To those who are interested in various aspects of international politics, there has been significance in much that has been said there.

To most Americans, however, it is safe to say that such discussions are not much more interesting than a discussion of engineering problems by engineers or a discussion of medical problems by physicians. Only when some subject has been put in sensational or striking form, or has, perhaps, assumed the aspect of a controversy between two or more individuals with a capacity for pungent speech, has the Institute of Politics come within the range of most people's thoughts. In general it has been a meeting-place of the "highbrows" somewhat aloof mentally as well as geographically from the work-a-day world.

For that very reason, perhaps, it has enjoyed a form of freedom which would not be possible to it if it were beat upon by the waves of current popular sentiment. The academic atmosphere is tolerant of differences of opinion. It is well that there should be a place where people who have strong views about such subjects as international relations can expose their minds to the corrective influence of other minds without too much interference.

There are, however, two dangers in such an institute against which its managers should be on guard.

In the first place, they should be on guard against acting on the assumption that this is a scientific body. International politics has not yet reached the status of a science. People with considerable experience in international politics or with knowledge about certain phases of international relations may be well worth listening to, but they cannot claim the authority of the scientist. Too often the opinions of men who have earned considerable reputation through their study of foreign affairs are treated as if they were facts or established conclusions

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based upon facts. International politics, like domestic politics, rests upon differences in policies, which in turn depend upon conflicting national interests. The expert in international affairs is to be respected in proportion to his accuracy in understanding and reporting those conflicting policies; but his opinion as to their respective merits is not necessarily valuable. He is as likely as any one else to be swayed by consideration of the interests of the nation for whose policies he is consciously or unconsciously an advocate.

In the second place, the managers of such an institute should be on their guard against the assumption that nationalism is necessarily an evil and internationalism always a virtue. There are, in fact, three kinds of internationalism. One is that which would do away with all national boundaries and erase all national distinctions and blend the whole world in one universal economic or political organization. Those who favor this are so few and so theoretical that they may be practically disregarded. Then there is the internationalism which recognizes the necessity of international differences, but so affects the minds of its believers that they regard their own nation as presumably in the wrong on every disputed point. Internationalists of this creed applaud race patriotism in every other race but their own, and encourage national patriotism in every other nation but their own. They plume themselves on their "international mind," and believe that their adoption of foreign points of view is proof of their membership in the exclusive class of the *intelligentsia*. It was noted by Rear-Admiral Huse that at the Williamstown Institute attacks on American politics constantly elicited laughter and applause from the American audience. This form of internationalism is neither intelligent nor wholesome. It is wholly unscientific because it is wholly sentimental. There is a third kind of internationalism, which ought to be cultivated. It is that which recognizes the conflicting interests of nations, enables one to see those conflicting interests from different points of view, and by the very process of clarifying those conflicting interests makes clear the obligation which each nation owes to its own citizens or subjects as well as to the other nations with which it has to deal. As that man cannot be a good citizen who does not recognize his fundamental obligations to his own family, so that man who does not recognize his obligations to his own country cannot be a good internationalist.

According to plans announced at the close of the session, the Williamstown Institute of Politics is to be put upon a permanent financial basis. It is therefore likely to outgrow some of the crudities that have characterized its infancy. It has done good service in providing an open forum for a broad discussion of international questions. There is no reason why at the same time it should not be in spirit and purpose American.

What's Wrong with the Railroads?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I AM not sure whether this article will ever be read by more than two people—the pleasant lady who is taking it at my dictation and myself who am writing it, largely to relieve my feelings. For it is about the vexatious railroad problem, and the managing editor of The Outlook, while generously giving me a free hand in my weekly contributions, has laid down only one rule for my guidance. He has asked me to avoid all controversial political and economic questions on the very reasonable ground that The Outlook is constantly dealing with such matters in all sorts of articles, and that its readers are entitled to some relief from disputatious argument. He has delicately intimated that my job, if I have any capacity for so doing, is to afford them such relief.

Now, there is no more tender or irritating subject of political economics before the American people to-day than railroad transportation. The railroads are the arteries of the Nation. If they harden, clog, and cease to function, the country will suffer an apoplectic stroke which will result in a paralysis of our social, industrial, and political life that will make the panics of 1873, 1893, and 1907 look like minor ailments. And yet Alexander D. Noyes, the foremost contemporary American authority on financial history, says in his book, "Forty Years of American Finance," that "the panic of 1873 left the country's financial and commercial structure almost a ruin," and that "the panic of 1907 . . . resembled . . . intimately the panic of 1873."

All sorts of remedies are being proposed for the disease of arteriosclerosis from which the railroads appear to be suffering—higher rates, lower rates, cut-throat competition, uniform pooling, compulsory consolidations by law, voluntary consolidations prompted by the legitimate ambitions of capital, strengthening the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and limiting its powers. Some of these remedies are quack nostrums, some of them are proposed by experienced experts who have sincerely at heart the welfare of both society at large and the railroad builder and investor individually. The sum total is that all concerned are anxious and perplexed.

It is no wonder that railroad owners and operators, harassed by burdensome and often unjust taxation, by multiplicity of conflicting laws, by the rising costs of materials and labor, and by the animosity of shippers, farm blocs, and legislators (who are often as selfish as the old-time railway king), are in a state of confusion.

I do not propose to add to this confusion by suggesting any remedies of my own. A good and sufficient reason is that I am not competent to do so. But I am convinced that one way in which railway managers can successfully meet the rising tide of opposition and avert what I agree with them in regarding as the dangerous social and economic fallacy of Government ownership and operation, is by developing and extending a genuine policy of service. Some railway managers, especially of the younger school, are living up to this conception. Unfortunately, there are still left some powerful operators who appear to think that railroads can be run on the take-it-or-leave-it principle. I propose in this article to note some of the little pin-pricks, coming within my own ken and experience, which irritate the users of railways. For I am inclined to believe that much of the public opposition of which railway managers not unjustly complain is based upon irritation rather than upon reasoned objections.

I do not suppose that Mr. "Pat" Crowley, the very efficient president of the New York Central, who literally knows railroading from the ground up, will ever see this article. If he should, he might be surprised that I feel a little irritated against his railroad, in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest,

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soundest, and most successful systems of the United States. I have lived on his railroad, or, rather, on one of its subsidiaries—the West Shore Railroad—for nearly forty years. I say nothing about its dilapidated New York City terminal, with its rain-beaten train platforms, which no Western city of one-tenth the size would tolerate for a week, because the building of a new terminal would take a large amount of capital, and railroad stockholders deserve consideration as well as passengers. Possibly, too, he may be waiting for the foolish city of New York to build a bridge across the Hudson, so that thousands of daily commuters and automobilists may not have to depend on fog-bound and ice-thwarted ferries.

But I have a real complaint. The tracks from Cornwall to New York are used jointly by the New York Central and the New York, Ontario, and Western, tickets being good on all the trains of either line. The other afternoon I took an Ontario and Western express, hurrying to keep an engagement in New York City. When about twenty-five miles from New York, we began to slow down and stop, slow down and stop, thus dragging along until I finally asked the porter what the trouble was. He replied that a "local," which stopped at every station, was just ahead of us. Of course, under the very commendable block-signal system every time the "local" stopped at a station we stopped by the green fields of the roadside. The porter further added, with some irritation, that this particular idiosyncrasy of train-despatching was not of infrequent occurrence. Now, no one has greater admiration than I for train-despatchers. They are skillful and hard-working officials, with a terrible burden of responsibility resting on their shoulders. But I submit that time-tables ought to be arranged so that accommodation trains do not make express trains, frequently, if not habitually, half an hour late. At all events, I know that I was half an hour late in keeping my engagement, and I am afraid the next time the Inter-State Commerce Commission renders a decision adverse to the New York Central Railway the natural and unregenerate man within me will chuckle a little—as he did when he heard the story of the little branch line that ran into the country from Essex Junction, Vermont. The train was creeping along when a traveling salesman, in a hurry, hailed the conductor, saying: "Can't you go faster than this?" "Oh, yes; much faster." "Why don't you, then?" "Because I'm under contract to stay with the train!"

Another complaint. Last week I wanted to escort a favored guest to my home, a distinguished elderly judge for whom I think nothing is too good. In order that he might see for the first time the picturesque Bear Mountain Suspension Bridge across the Hudson and the incomparable Storm King Highway, I took the main line of the New York Central to Peekskill, where an automobile met us and carried us the rest of the way across the bridge and over the highway twenty miles or more to Cornwall. I wanted my guest to travel in the utmost comfort, so I tried to get seats at the Grand Central Station for the parlor-car. But they could give me places only in the sleeping-car. These I took because it gave my guest a chance to smoke in a comfortable smoking-room. When we got into the smoking-room, some fifteen minutes before the train started, the electric lights were so dim that my guest could not read his afternoon newspaper in the darkness of the bowels of the magnificent Grand Central Station. I called the porter and asked if he couldn't give us more light. "I am sorry, sir," he courteously answered, "but the batteries are run down." "Well, what are the poor passengers on this sleeping-car going to do when night comes," said I. "Bless you," he answered, "nobody ain't going to sleep on this car. It's going to be taken off at Albany and the batteries 'll be recharged there."

Now, here was a sleeping-car made to do duty as a parlor-car on a daylight journey, and, to make the matter worse, the lights were defective. The judge took the annoyance good-naturedly, as he always takes discomforts of travel, and said it reminded him of an experience of his brother, a prominent New York lawyer who, many years ago, had his summer home on a branch line of the New Haven Railway under the notorious Mellen régime. His New York train almost invariably missed connections at the junction, the branch-line train often pulling out when the main-line train was in sight. This necessitated a long and tedious wait for another train. Finally the New Yorker decided to do something. The next time the connection failed he hired an automobile to complete his journey and, with a courteous letter explaining the matter, sent the bill to the railroad. No reply. He wrote a second letter. No reply. A third time he wrote, saying that if the bill were not promptly paid he would bring suit and have the matter tested in the courts. He was a man of ample means and meant what he said. The bill was paid. But the branch-line train went on ignoring the connection indicated in the time-table. Finally the lawyer repeated his protest and sent a bill for the automobile that was necessary to complete the journey. Again no reply, again a second letter, and, finally, a third letter, threatening a test in the courts. The second bill was finally paid. Not long after this second experience his New York train was five minutes late, and he asked the conductor if they would make connections at X junction. "You bet we will!" replied the conductor with emphasis. "We have orders!"

This anecdote encourages me to hope that I may accomplish some good by recording the annoyances related in this article. In one sense they are, of course, unimportant. They do not affect the safety of passengers, but they do affect their comfort, and comfortable customers are much more likely to be friendly to an industry than uncomfortable ones.

Statistics of ton-miles and of the low percentage of accidents per thousand of passengers carried do not always allay irritation. Twenty-five years ago I crossed to England and back on the two crack steamers of that summer belonging to a transatlantic line whose slogan, in answer to any complaint was, "We never killed a passenger." On the westward voyage one evening some meat was served which our olfactory nerves decided was older and more firmly established in the dignity of maturity than the company itself. The gentleman sitting next to me at the table happened to be a British army officer of high rank. He called the chief steward and, putting his monocle in his eye, dryly remarked, "Steward, I wish you would kill a passenger occasionally and give us fresh meat"! This bit of satire reached the ears of the management and, doubtless combined with the keen competition of the Germans, caused the company to change its attitude a little. It is just as safely managed as ever it was, but to-day it lays emphasis on the attention which it gives to the comfort and happiness of its passengers, in which feature it may truly be said that no line surpasses it. *Verbum sat sapienti!* as Terence once remarked.

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Cricket in Song and History

A London Literary Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

TO each country its national game: to England cricket, at Lord's and the Oval, where the great matches are played, and on village greens throughout the land.

A lush green field. Upon a shaven patch,
Stolen from daisies and buttercups, was played
The Saturday match.

These three lines, the opening of a cricket poem of the day, may be taken as a hint that this Literary Letter deals with cricket in song and history.

But first let me refer briefly to two great cricket functions that have helped to make this summer month glorious. One was the two days' match between the boys of Eton and Harrow, a society gathering, a dress affair; but, in spite of silk hats, white spats, and the smart dresses of sisters, sweethearts, and mothers, a function in which cricket is treated with the highest respect. Looking at the keenness of the young cricketers, at the wicket and in the field, and the unwritten law, which is the beginning and the end of cricket—"Play the game"—many a veteran must have murmured the old tag, "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton."

The annual two days' match between Eton and Harrow is—promise. Some of these young cricketers may be champions of the future. The annual three days' match between Gentlemen and Players is—performance. Here you see the great Hobbs (he holds the place in cricket that "Babe" Ruth holds in baseball), and when he is batting there is not one of the twenty thousand spectators present but longs to see him make another century (one hundred runs in an innings) and so equal the number of centuries made by the great W. G. Grace during his famous cricketing career.[1] That black-bearded champion still lives in spirit on every cricket ground in England. Here, for this is a Literary Letter, I may interpolate a poem by Wilfrid Thorley that I take from the "Observer" of a week ago. It is called "A Ghost at Cricket:"

A tall man with an eye of flint,
An arm that never fails
And cuts the bowler through the slips
Or drives him to the rails.
He drives him to the rails, my boys,
And strokes a beard of black,
Or pats the turf along the pitch
Until the ball comes back.

A tall man and an easy man
That takes a little run
And sends opposing batsmen back
Ball-beaten one by one.
And keeps his ten good men in heart
With cheery nods and grins,
As though his softened eye should say
"We outs will soon be ins."

A tall man and a mighty man,
Nor heart nor thews remain,
But in the mind of thousands more
He plays the game again.
He plays the game again, my boys,
With ten good men and brave
Above the grass that cannot hold
His spirit in the grave.

In the pavilion of the Oval, the Surrey Country Club ground, there is a monument to the Surrey cricketers and groundsmen who fell in the War. Following the names is this, "They Played the Game."

THINKING of "W. G."—so W. G. Grace was always known—that ghost at cricket, one's mind dwells on the early stalwarts of this great national game—the Hambledon Club, on Broad Halfpenny Down, who about 1780 could beat all England at cricket. John Nyren, who "kept the pub" of the Bat and Ball, was the historian of the Hambledon Club. He is enshrined in "The Dictionary of National Biography;" his book is called "The Young Cricketer's Tutor." It was edited by Charles Cowden Clark in 1833. Winchester School has just performed the great service of purchasing Broad Halfpenny Down, which is twenty-five miles from the School. There, last month, a match was played, to signalize the event.

But cricket is older than the Hambledon Club. In 1733 the Prince of Wales, a lover of the game, gave to each member of the Surrey and Middlesex County teams one guinea, at a match at Molesey Hurst, near Hampton Court. How about the amateur-professional distinction then? Some day the annual match at Lord's between the Gentlemen and Players will be called Amateurs vs. Professionals. These meaningless distinctions die hard in England.

IS there, I wonder, enough to make a cricket anthology? Francis Thompson's cricket poem will certainly be included. He was no cricketer; he followed the games in the papers only. It should be explained that Francis Thompson was a North Countryman and that Hornby and Barlow were famous Lancashire players whom he saw in his youth:

AT LORDS

It is little I repair to the matches of the southern folk,
Though my own red roses there may blow;
It is little I repair to the matches of the southern folk,
Though the red roses crest the caps, I know.
For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro:—
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago.

"Sportsmen in Paradise" would, of course, be included. It was published in "The Westminster Gazette" during the War, signed "Tipuca:"

They left the fury of the fight
And they were tired.
The gates of Heaven were open quite,
Unguarded and unwired.
There was no sound of any gun,
The land was still and green;
Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
Stand up against the sky.
Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood—
Some lazy cows went by.
There were some rooks sailed overhead,
And once a church bell pealed.
"God! but it's England," some one said,
"And there's a cricket-field!"

And Sir Henry Newbolt's—

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote.
"Play up! play up! and play the game."

And "The Cricket Ball Sings," by E. V. Lucas, which he prints in "The Open Road." In that delightful anthology he also includes a passage by John Nyren beginning, "There was high feasting on Broad Halfpenny during the solemnity of one of our grand matches. Oh, it was a heart-stirring sight—!"

[1] Since this was written Hobbs not only equalled Grace's record on August 17, but on August 18 surpassed it by one century.

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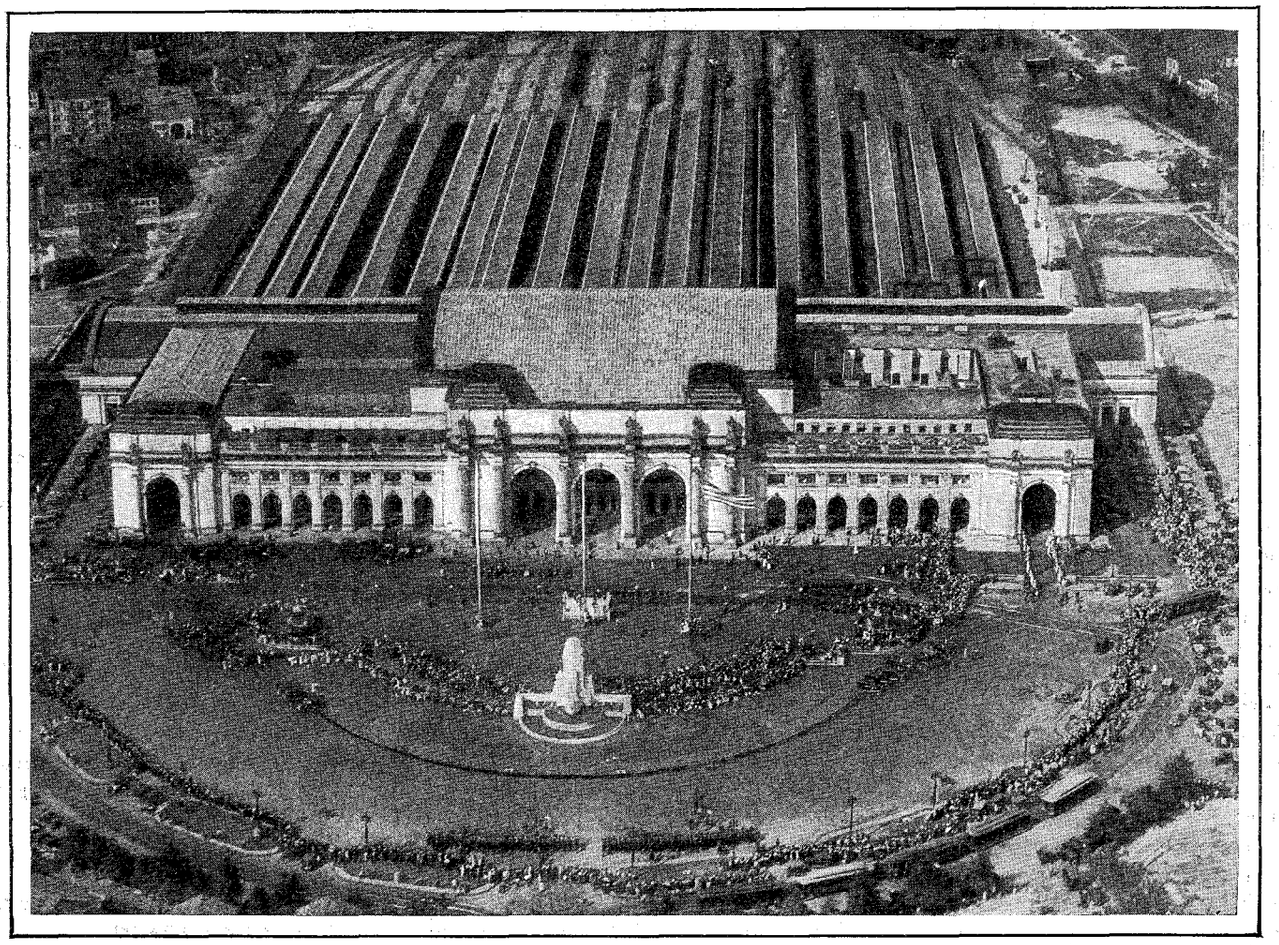

Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service

The City Gate—A Stone Monument and a Steel Miracle

The noble architecture of this entrance to the Nation's capital merely revives the grandeur that was Rome. The modern miracle lies beyond, in the vast system of interlocked switches and signals—all operated from one spot—by which the safe and speedy movements of trains are assured

The Miracle at the City Gate

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

BEYOND the city gate the trains thread their way through a labyrinth of shining steel without accident and without confusion. How is this feat accomplished? Locomotives carry no steering-gear. Their pilots (better known as "cowcatchers") do not pilot. Every swerve from the direct path means a switch purposely set in advance. Each halt is in obedience to a semaphore duly displayed at "stop." Time was when a railroad yard swarmed with switchmen. Machines have replaced every one of them. Nevertheless in some invisible way a human brain must direct the endless interweave of trains arriving and departing, trains making up and unmaking, engines flying hither and yon. How is it done?

By all the rules of logical procedure to which humanity does not conform, the guide-books that devote a whole rhapsodical page to twentieth-century replicas of Roman baths and basilicas at the city gate should expend at least two upon the supreme miracle of the railroad—the perfectly controlled and co-ordinated system of switches and signals in the station yard. The traveler who notes with satisfaction so many other contributions to his welfare at the modern terminus should be impressed, above all, by the marvelous arrangements for getting his train in or out. In short, the word "interlocking," instead of mostly suggesting directorates to the minds of peregrinatory Americans, should inevitably summon up pictures of a mechanical contrivance as romantic and as necromantic as the telephone—the *interlocking machine*, and the interlocking switch and signal plant of which it is the nerve-center.

Union Switch and Signal Company

The "Tower" at the New Union Station, Chicago

Such structures are variously known as switch towers, signal towers, interlocking towers, cabins, or merely "towers"

The history of this device is not found in popular chronicles. The story begins in England, but culminates in America.

Laziness is the mother of invention. A

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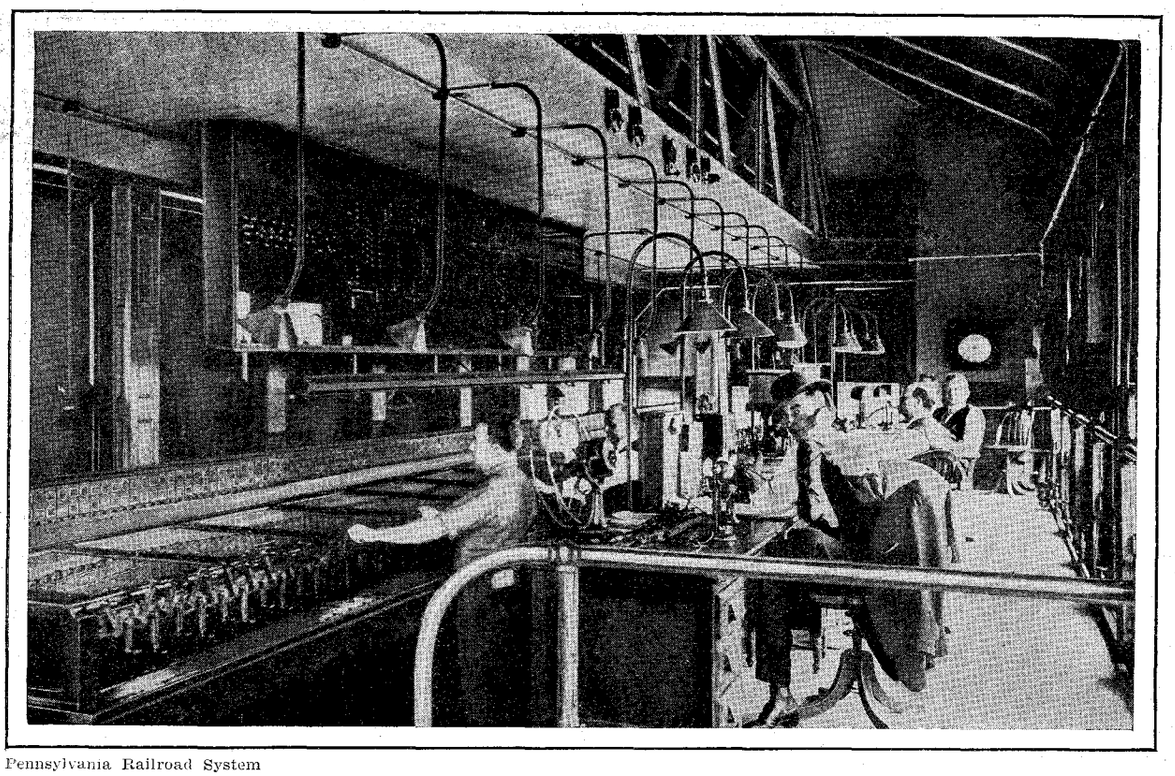
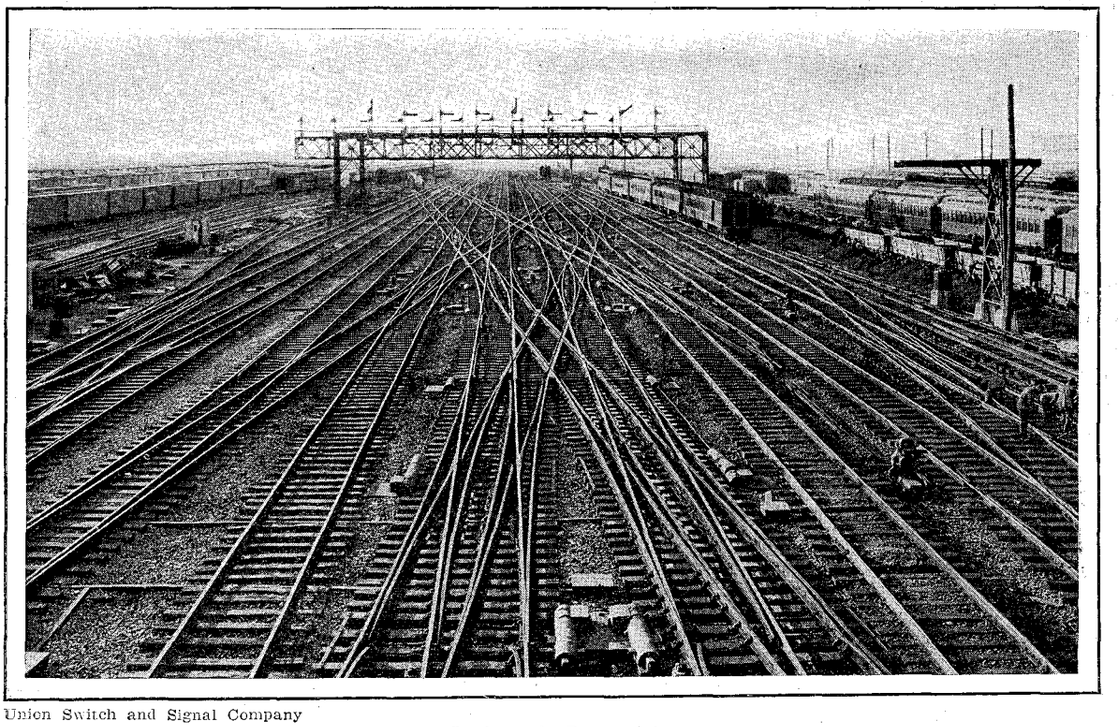


Pennsylvania Railroad System

The Machine that Never Forgets

This interior view of Cabin A at the Pennsylvania Station in New York City shows at the right the train director and some of his assistants, and at the left two of the levermen who, under the director's orders, operate the interlocking machine—the amazingly ingenious device for setting switches and signals at a distance without the possibility of false indications or a conflict of routes. The upper row of levers controls switches and the lower signals. The levers interact in such a way that whenever one of them is moved all others whose movement would cause an inconsistent adjustment of switches or signals are locked in position. On the wall above the machine is an illuminated track model, in which miniature incandescent lights register the movements of trains through the yard



Union Switch and Signal Company

A Problem in Permutations

If you have a taste for mathematics, figure out the number of possible routes for trains through this labyrinthine yard of the Central Railroad of New Jersey at Jersey City. There are about 200 scheduled train movements in each direction every day, besides many movements connected with the making up of trains and the pulling out of empty coaches after their inbound runs. Careful planning of routes is necessary to avoid serious delays. All switches and signals, except in outlying parts of the yard, are controlled electrically from a single tower, but their actual movements are effected by small compressed-air machines, many of which can be seen in the picture beside the tracks

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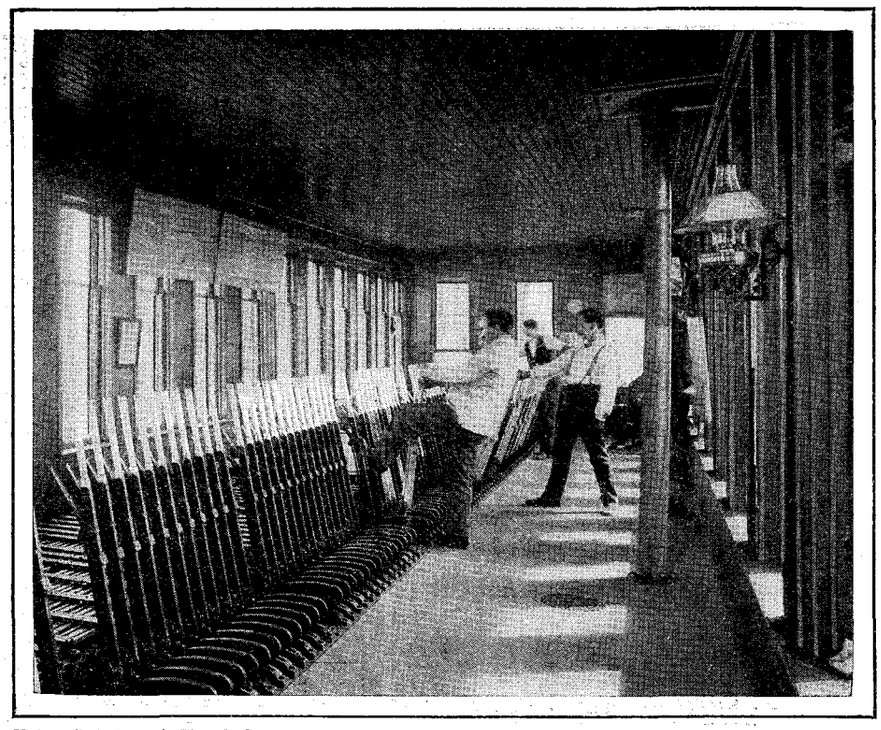
year or two after the first semaphore signals had been erected on British railways, in 1841, a signalman was charged with the manipulation of two of them. To save himself the trouble of walking back and forth between the signal posts, he attached wires to both signals and led the wires into his hut, where he discharged his duty with a minimum of labor and a maximum of comfort. It is related that he got a wigging from the higher-ups, but was afterward more fittingly rewarded. His idea speedily took shape on all the railroads in the centralized control, first of signals, and then of both signals and switches. This innovation led, however, to difficulties. The more switches and signals a man had to manage, the greater were the chances of disastrous mistakes. Wherever there were many interconnected and busy tracks it took an alert brain and an exceptional memory to avoid setting up conflicting routes, and thereby sending trains crashing into each other.

The principle of "interlocking," which mechanically prevents such conflicts, was first applied to signals at Bricklayers Arms railway station in London by Sir Charles Gregory about 1844. At the same station, in 1856, John Saxby installed the first interlocking machine approximating the design of those used to-day, governing switches as well as signals. These machines were common in England before 1874, when the system was introduced in the United States by Ashbel Welch, chief engineer of the United New Jersey Canal and Railroad Company, who was also the American pioneer in the matter of block-signaling. In later years, however, Americans took the lead in the improvement of interlocking machinery; especially in the addition of power devices—electric and pneumatic—which alone make possible the operation of our great terminal yards with facility, economy, and safety.—Scheherezade please take notice.



Union Switch and Signal Company

The Older Way

The electric and pneumatic adjuncts of the interlocking plant are comparatively recent improvements. All plants were once operated, as most of the smaller plants still are, by human muscle alone. The levers seen in this picture are mechanically connected with the signals and switches by lines of iron pipe. The task of throwing a distant switch with one of these levers taxes the strength of the operator

The Doles[1]

By P. W. Wilson

FOR Americans, regarding the problem from a distance, it is hard to think of the "doles" granted in Britain except as an endowment of idleness by the State, of which the effect at once upon character and upon commerce is to be deplored. Not only for the student of economics, but for the citizen who pays taxes, there is here obviously an issue of far-reaching importance, in the decision of which Britain has been either very right or very wrong. And it is possible that in some cases an opinion has been formed without a full knowledge of the facts. For instance, it is not true that the schemes of which unemployment benefit is a part were adopted as a result of the war.

For a generation imperial Germany had applied a thrifty system of insuring workers against the vicissitudes of health and industry. And in Britain a similar insurance had been provided to a minority of wage-earners by trade unions and friendly societies. It was this insurance, hitherto unassisted by the state, that Lloyd George, by his famous Budget of 1909, co-ordinated and extended to the nation. His plan was at the outset limited in scope. But if there had been no war at all, it would have been extended and perfected in detail. The notion that acute unemployment began with the Armistice may be dismissed. What has happened is that since the Armistice the unemployed have refrained from riots.

In the United States the workers have been encouraged, especially since the placing of Liberty Bonds, to invest their savings in industrial securities. It is assumed that among the weekly wage-earners there is a margin for such savings. The entire situation in Britain is dominated by the fact that employers have fought hard for low wages. Into the merits of this policy we need not enter. It is enough to say that the family budget was arranged on a scale which precluded the possibility of providing for the future or even for adequate medical attention where disease is actual and present. The poor have been unable, without starvation, to put by money, and, while the Post Office Savings Bank holds a sum of about $1,250,000,000 on behalf of 11,000,000 depositors, many of these depositors are children of the middle class. The blunt truth is that out of 430,990 adults who died in 1922 only 98,902—that is fewer than a quarter—

[1] An editorial on this subject appears elsewhere in this issue.

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owned as much as $500 worth of property, all told. It is arguable that Britain ought to suspend her Drink Bill of $1,500,000,000, much of which is of course taxation. But, on the other hand, this Drink Bill, in so far as it falls on the workers, may be set off, surely, against what American families of modest means spend on motor cars and ice-cream. Years ago Bernard Shaw announced that what the British workingman needed was merely more money. The inescapable actuality is that he lives and dies penniless.

Of this poverty private agencies have failed to furnish an amelioration. In the anxiety to avoid a pauper's grave the workers by the million contribute weekly dues to insurance companies for policies payable at death. Yet, owing to the uncertainties of employment, many policies lapse. And of the revenues, amounting to $125,000,000 annually collected, only $70,000,000 return to the policyholders as benefits. It cannot be pretended that this is a satisfactory situation. Yet it represents the utmost that private enterprise has been able hitherto to offer as an inducement to well-considered thrift.

America and Great Britain Compared

THE American replies that in the year 1921 the United States endured a spell of acute unemployment. Estimates of the number forced into idleness by deflation varied from 2,000,000 to 6,000,000, yet no doles were granted. One factor that helped matters was, I am told, prohibition, which has contributed, it is said, twenty per cent to the efficiency of labor. But it must also be borne in mind that the country happens to be in a position unique among nations. In 1900 the estimated wealth of the United States was $80,000,000,000—eighty billions. To-day the estimate is three hundred and twenty billions, or four times the previous sum. No community that is quadrupling its resources in twenty-five years can be considered normal in its handling of men and women out of work. A square mile of the United States has only to support thirty-five persons. A British mile has to support six hundred persons. And when trade is depressed there are no wide open spaces available for the absorption of the displaced wage-earners.

Presumably, a scheme of national insurance, as applied in Britain, would be unconstitutional in this country of State's rights. If, then, it were to be adopted, a Twentieth Amendment—one might recall the case of the income tax—would have to be a preliminary. For it is of the essence of the British schemes that they are compulsory on all employed persons, from early youth to advanced age. Broadly, the insurance covers 11,000,000 men and 5,000,000 women. For many of the benefits the state, the employer, and the worker make joint contributions. And the tendency will be, undoubtedly, to extend the range of this partnership. But in the meantime the state bears the whole cost of destitution, under the poor law, of war pensions and—until this year—of old-age pensions. Indeed, in principle it does not matter very much whether the state does or does not bear the entire cost. For a contribution by employer or employed, when enforced by law, is, after all, only a tax to the state under another name. An insurance stamp on a worker's card is no different from a revenue stamp on a check.

The Community Takes Charge

THE fundamental fact is that the community as a community has accepted wholly unprecedented responsibilities for the maintenance of the individual home. Never before has a nation, ancient or modern, guaranteed by law financial or other assistance to the sick, the aged, the tuberculous, to the wife in childbirth, to the widow, and to her orphan children. Let us suppose that it is all a mistake. About some mistakes there is a certain undeniable splendor of idealism.

With the conduct of industry there is no interference. Business continues to be, as hitherto, privately owned and managed. The insurance, taken as a whole, represents a kind of neighborly debenture on which an annual charge must be met. If we add together the contributions made by the state, the local authorities, the employers, and the employed persons, the total expenditure involved in these schemes cannot be less than $1,250,000,000—a billion and a quarter. It far exceeds the entire national Budget of Britain before the war. Britain contains 8,000,000 inhabited houses. Each of these homes is involved to the extent of $3 a week, on the average.

The number of persons affected by the benefits at any particular time is startling. There are, to begin with, about 2,000,000 grants and pensions to war veterans and dependents of soldiers and sailors, dead and wounded. The unemployed number 1,250,000. The old-age pensions, men and women over seventy years of age, have been 800,000, but, with the age reduced to sixty-five years, will be increased to 1,500,000. And the number of "paupers"—that is, of destitute persons—in receipt of indoor or outdoor relief is still no less than 1,500,000. These figures add up to 6,250,000, and, even so, do not include the temporary benefits, paid at any given date, to the sick, nor the maternity benefit of $8. That there should be from 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 grants from the state during any average week in a country with 8,000,000 homes is a fact eloquent of the scope now covered by the social policy adopted. Of this policy, the provision for the unemployed is, after all, no more than an important detail.

In considering the problem we must not be deceived by big totals. The grant made in each particular case is small. For instance, a widow's pension is no more than $2.50 per week, with $1.25 for her eldest child under fourteen years, and 75 cents for every younger child. By this scale a family of five would receive $6 a week. For sickness the allowance is $3.75 for men and $3 for women. For unemployment a man has $3.75 and a woman $3. Nor must we suppose that the doles go singly—one to a home. What really happens is that the generally prosperous home receives nothing at all, while the home that is out of luck becomes eligible for several benefits.

The Effect of the Doles

THERE remains the question whether the doles do or do not perpetuate unemployment. In the case of young men discharged from the army whose minds and whose nerves have been, it is to be feared, permanently affected by the unsettling tragedies, comedies, miseries, and heroism of war, there is evidence that the dole has emphasized their disinclination to settle down to steady work. But in other cases it has not been the dole that has depreciated character, but the unemployment itself. And this unemployment has been too often exaggerated and misunderstood. In the last ten years Britain has added about two million to her population. The number of her emigrants has been reduced. And to-day she is employing more people on industries, productive and unproductive, than ever before in her history. This despite the fact that, owing to high taxation, the number of domestic servants has been reduced by 500,000. With Russia under Bolshevism, Germany emerging from bankruptcy, China in chaos, and the world in general still disturbed, it is no wonder that a larger population in Britain, swollen by young men and women who before the war would have been butlers and housemaids, yields an abnormal unemployment. Broadly, the usual half million who used to be out of a job have become a million and a quarter, while nearly another million are on short time.

The real cure for unemployment is mobility of labor. It is really absurd

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that the engineering trades should be asked to support 2,200,000 persons instead of the 1,500,000 persons supported before the war, when the building trades are actually admitting to that industry fewer men than in 1913—this despite the shortage of housing among the workers themselves. It is not the dole that has caused this scandal. It is the restrictions of the trade unions concerned.

Is It Bad Finance?

To sum up, I may perhaps express a belief, which has never altered since I was at close quarters with Mr. Lloyd George during his fight for the Budget of 1909, that national insurance against unforeseeable but certain risks to health and employment is not bad finance. They only think this who do not know by experience what is the anxiety of living without resources on a weekly wage which may stop at any time and for reasons wholly outside the control of the worker affected. The evil to be grappled with is not the dole. It is the obstinate refusal of the unions and of the workers within the unions to do the work which wants doing when that work lies outside their own accepted industry. Analyses of the unemployed show, moreover, that a large majority of them were once boys and girls whom their parents removed from school at too early an age. It is not only the professions, it is the trades also, that to-day require a minimum of education. The money paid in doles is the money saved on schools—with compound interest.

A word should be added on the medical aspect of the case. At first the doctors violently opposed the idea of substituting an annual grant per patient for the occasional fees, hitherto more or less collectable. It meant, in effect, the Chinese plan of paying a doctor to keep you in health instead of paying him only when you are ill. Beyond dispute, the scheme has worked. The nation enjoys better health, probably, than ever before. Its mind is devoted, as never before, to the prevention of disease instead of cure. There are those—Mr. Lloyd George is, I think, one of them—who would welcome the establishment of a state medical service outright. The "panel system" of doctors is a compromise, which enables the physician to serve the state while he still retains his private practice.

The Twin Cities of Minnesota

Minneapolis, Hyphen, St. Paul

By GEORGE MARVIN

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA says of the composition of a good band, "Give me seven or nine musicians, and the rest of the sixty can toot." Thirty-five or forty stalwart citizens set the municipal tune in the big Minneapolis orchestra. The rest of the 425,435 toot—generally in accord.

Minneapolis, in contradistinction to its Twin City, has generally been an oligarchy, a benevolent government by the few; some of the time primarily for the few, but most of the time for the many. It has been throughout its history a good enough Sousa kind of band, dominated by a few real musicians. Over in St. Paul old J. J. Hill was a soloist. During his lifetime the rest of his city listened. He was so big that he was alone. In Minneapolis nobody is as big as Hill was, but nearly twoscore Minneapolitans have attained sufficient stature to raise them into positions of admitted leadership without giving one another cause for apprehension or alarm.

One thing distinguishes these musicians from the great, the near-great, and the prominent in other American metropolises. Nearly all of them walk to work every day. And they have been walking to work—some of them—for thirty or forty years. They walk because they want to walk, because they like to walk, not because they have to walk as leading citizens of some other municipalities are compelled to do if they want to get anywhere through the motor-traffic congestion. And maybe this is one reason why at threescore years and over most of them are hale and hearty enough to constitute an oligarchy, sound-winded enough to dominate and determine the

Courtesy Minneapolis "Journal"

"Stepping cheerfully along to their offices." The men in this picture, all prominent and well-known Minneapolitan citizens, are (left to right) C. F. Deaver; F. A. Chamberlain, President of the First National Bank; George Draper Dayton, proprietor of the Dayton Store and a famous character throughout the Northwest; Alexander Campbell; J. H. McMillan, Jr.; A. C. Andrews; and John H. McMillan

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The welcoming hand of Minneapolis held out to all comers by motor transportation or by railway. This gateway is symbolical of an unusually well-organized hospitality on the part of the commercial bodies of the city. The new Nicollet Hotel is just behind the gateway

municipal melody. Almost any fine morning you can see them in couples or open-order squads, between eight and nine o'clock, stepping cheerfully along to their offices on Nicollet or Marquette Avenue or Fifth Street from their breakfasts, one mile, a mile and a half, or two miles away. They deploy by neighborhoods on schedule: Mr. McMillan, for instance, will get under way from his house at 8 A.M., pick up Mr. Andrews at 8:02, and Mr. Campbell waiting on his front-door step at 8:04. Farther on their way the head of the big Dayton store falls into line, then the President of the First National Bank, and so on until a squad of eight or nine plutocrats go swinging along in step after the manner of our forefathers in the quaint old days before it became unfashionable to use the human hind legs for transportation. Along another line of march Mr. Hovey Clarke has formed a squad of lumber magnates and flour potentates. They are friendly groups, all on a first-name basis: "Good-morning, Alec," "Hello, George," "What's the good word, John?" A good many of them meet together daily for luncheon at the Minneapolis Club. They function on the same boards of directors and form the backbone of the various civic and commercial associations. And the friendly relationship they have for so long a time borne to one another permeates their municipality. Minneapolis is a friendly town. It is also a very neighborly town. The "musicians" are not by any means the only folks who walk to work. Hundreds and thousands of men and women in Minneapolis walk every day to business or to market or for the sheer fun of walking, because it is in Minneapolis so extraordinarily convenient to get from pleasant abiding-places to points of daily duty or necessity. Thirty per cent of the population live within ten minutes' ride of their jobs; seventy-five per cent are within a twenty-minute radius by tram car or by bus. Doubling this time will approximate the corresponding walking interval. Urban and suburban dovetail here together. Fifteen minutes in a motor car will put you on the shores of lakes that look a thousand miles away from the fret of big cities. In the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis thirteen of these lakes are the centers of parks and residential districts, and these areas are among the Twins' greatest assets. This great metropolis of more than 700,000 doesn't have to pack up and go somewhere and spend a lot of money for recreation. It plays right in its own front or back yard. Winter carnival sports, now spreading like a healthy epidemic over the States of the northern East, were born on the lakes and hills of St. Paul in the late eighties, almost two generations ago. Champion ski runners and jumpers and fast skaters have for many years come from the Scandinavian population of Minneapolis. In summer argosies of canoes are launched every evening, and the whole family goes swimming. In the Indian lands of the Minnesota lakes people never get "sick for the sky-blue water."

That two communities so mortised into each other physically as the Twin Cities of Minnesota, and with so many mutual interests, should remain distinct is at first sight baffling. The situation, however, does not escape analysis. St. Paul historically is the older community. The original settlers, creeping up the Mississippi to the head of navigation, established here their outpost for trading with the Indians. St. Paul remains today at heart a trading post. As the capital of the State and the center of the railroad systems that grew into and out of Minnesota, it held, until the late nineties, undisputed leadership. For a long time it bought more 4 per cent bonds than its younger neighbor.

But upstart Minneapolis has forged to the front from behind, until now it exceeds the capital in population by 150,000. Its origins are different. When New England ran out of timber sixty years or more ago, the Lorings and the Pillsburys and the Washburns and the rest of the pioneers migrated into the still heavily wooded States of Michigan

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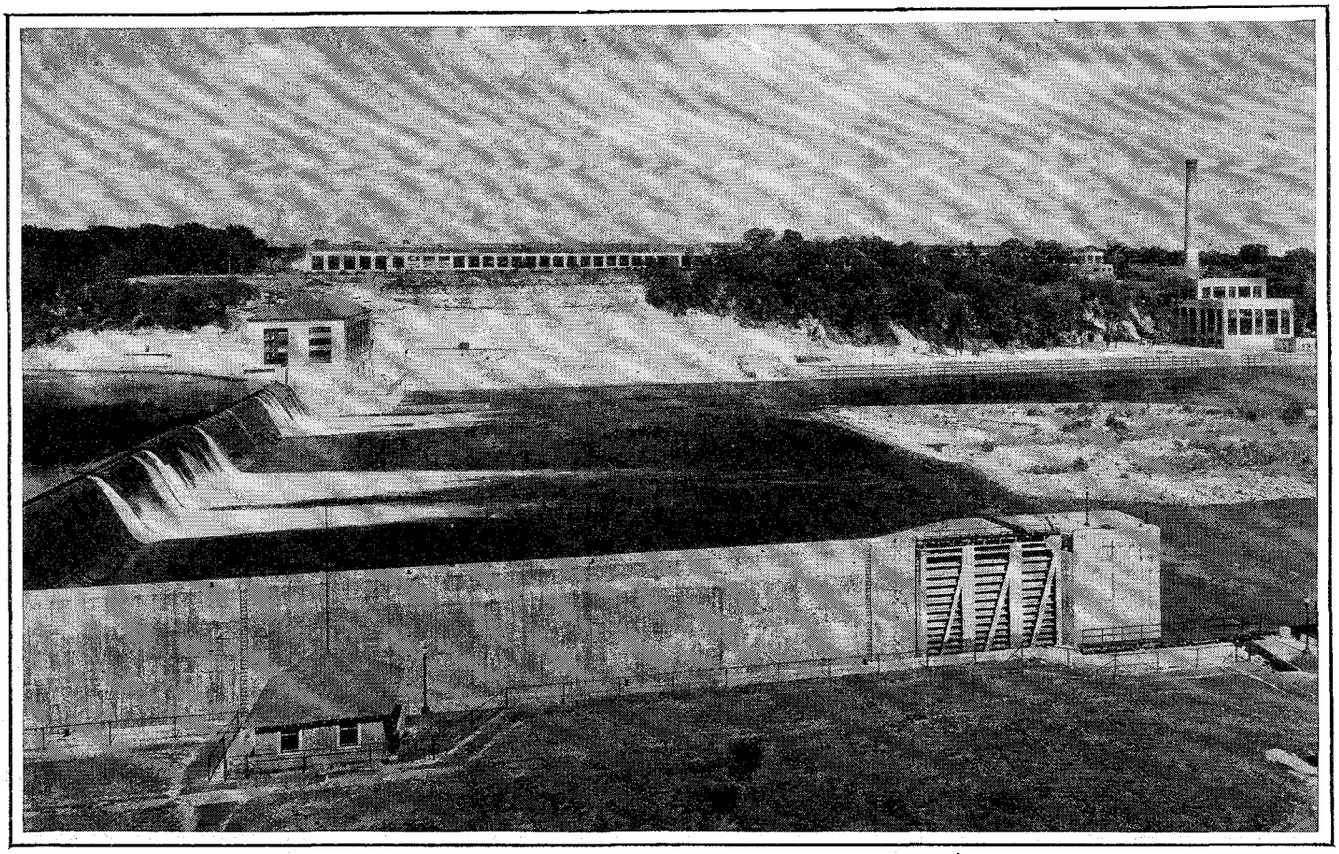

The Ford plant, actually in the territory of St. Paul but affecting the trade well-being of Minneapolis almost equally. This plant is the largest assembling base in the United States, and, next to Detroit, the largest Ford manufacturing establishment. Henry Ford planted his plant on the Government dam, thereby damning the most beautiful residential district of the city of St. Paul, but with the full approval and consent of its citizens. In the foreground is the ship lock by which river traffic may reach the water-front of Minneapolis further upstream

and Minnesota. And they found in the falls of St. Anthony, above the fur-trading post of St. Paul, the power to turn the water-wheels of their sawmills. Minneapolis has always been a mill town. For a long time it was lumber. Then, as the timber was cleared away and grain sprouted over the Northwest, it became a city founded on flour. The lumber has gone and the flour is going—going farther East—and the city in its industries is beginning to readjust itself to the big economic changes which transpire beyond the control of States or municipalities. But it is at heart still a mill town. And, as a matter of distinctive personality, the pioneer spirit and some of the pioneers themselves still express it.

In this integrity of purpose the second generation joins to a remarkable degree. It is perhaps not too much to say that in no other city of the same or larger population have the sons of the original captains of industry followed so faithfully where their fathers trod. Keeping up with the Joneses in Minneapolis involves hard work. There is no local chapter of the Sons of Rest, and neither lounge lizards nor movie sheiks flourish in the land. "An idle man," says the hard-working young president of the largest flour mill in the world, "would die lonely here." A friend of his father's, himself at seventy the active partner in one of the largest lumber companies of the Northwest, spoke of this "Gold Medal" president as an example of how the native sons "all turned out well." Other specific examples—the sons-in-law of the Peaveys, the Crosby boys, the sons of the Pillsburys, the Daytons, the Bells, and the Bowmans—keep this statement from being a generality. Devotion to family and to family undertakings would seem to be in Minneapolis almost Japanese in its strength.

So it happens that the mill city, younger than the trading post, is nevertheless more mature in character, less impulsive. The men who sit around the long lunch table at the Minneapolis Club are older than those who gather at the Minnesota Club over in St. Paul. Back of the industries and beneath the figures stand the men. J. J. Hill, the biggest single force the community has produced, thought in terms of the State and the Northwest. Setting one point of a draughtsman's dividers on the Twin Cities and the other on Jacksonville, Florida, he traced with that same radius the arc of a circle that came east of Spokane, Washington. The territory that formed the segment to the north and west he believed to be the rightful trade area of the Twin Cities. He was an empire builder. He saw clear over the internecine strife of the related communities to their greater joint future. From his hill in St. Paul he approved the establishment of the Federal Bank in Minneapolis. Men of lesser vision now, old and young, fill the air with recriminations as they tug-of-war over the location of industrial plants that cannot fail to benefit both localities. St. Paul lands Henry Ford, and then blocks the building of a bridge which will permit some of Henry's fourteen thousand (estimated) employees to live on the Minneapolis side of the river. And Minneapolis comes back by prying loose the Minnesota Creameries from their warehouses in St. Paul, with their constituent 475 creameries, their cohorts of dairy farmers, and their 80,000,000 annual pounds of butter, to a new location at the Minneapolis end of the community.

Together the two cities share the biggest State fair in the United States, and together they profit by the close neighborhood of Fort Snelling, headquarters of the Seventh Corps area and training grounds for the citizen army of the Northwest. A great many of the new and larger plants which have more recently come to the neighborhood occupy sites along University Avenue, on the older conservative side of the river in a district which used to be generally, and still is by some Minneapolitans, called

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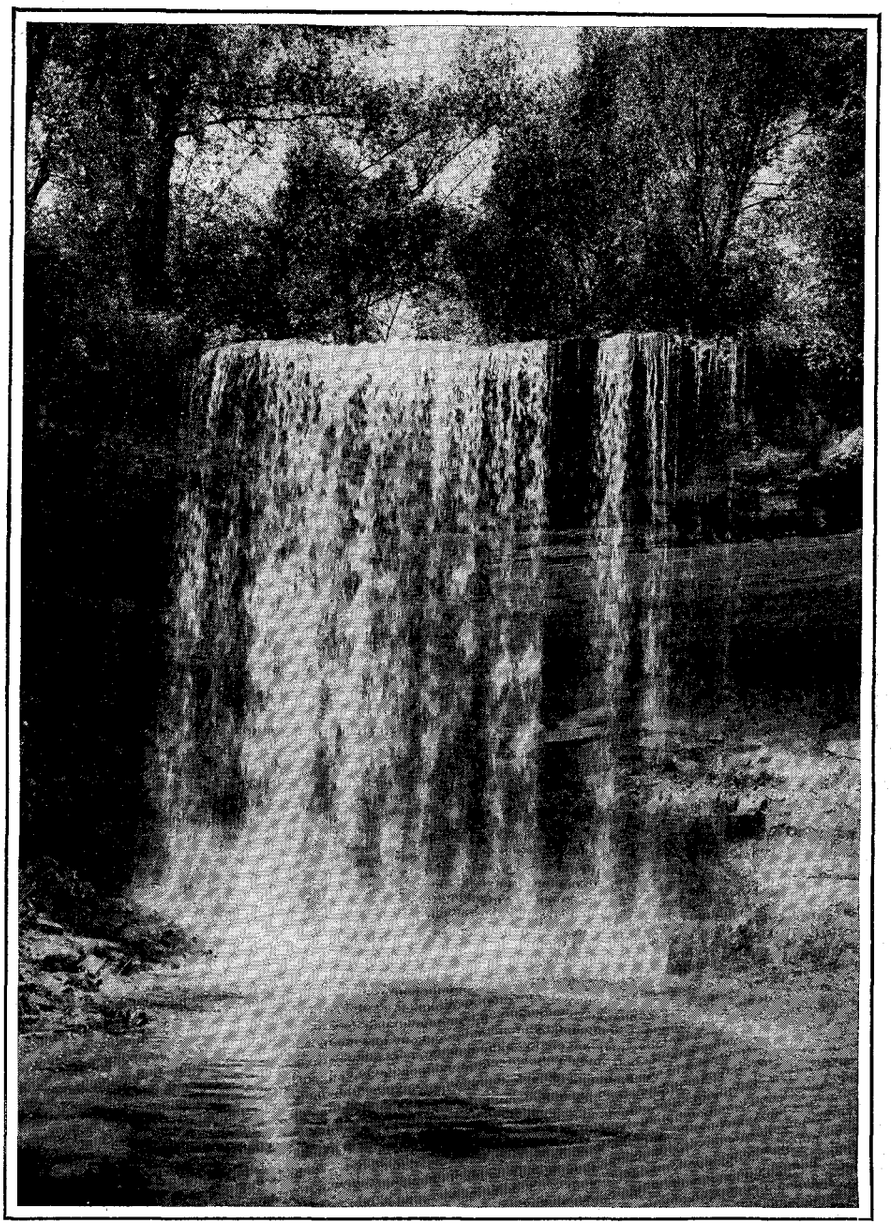
"the Midway." All of this district is now within the city limits of St. Paul, attached to that municipality, so the disgruntled 'politans aver, by a sudden night session of the Legislature in the capital city. In the competitive boostings and counter-blasts of the commercial bodies the entire value of these industries is, on the one hand, calmly annexed and, on the other hand, disputed. St. Paul, with an auditorium seating ten thousand delegates, bags most of the conventions, but Minneapolis is building a larger auditorium to compete with it. During a slight smallpox epidemic the press went so far as to battledore and shuttlecock the higher death rate from one side to the other. And so, seventy years after the petty warfare started, it continues to wage. Conan Doyle, in his "Memories and Adventures," published after the war, regarding the Twin Cities as the international standard of intercity squabbling, tells the story of the small Minnesota boy, asked by his Sunday-school teacher who persecuted Saint Paul, "Don't know," he said, but he guessed "it must have been Minneapolis."

The situation has its humorous effect, just as the Billingsgate exchanged between southern California and California impresses *Uitlanders* as a joke. But the bigger men in both cities are beginning to forget recriminations in their realization of what the neighborhood is losing and their broader view of the future development possible to a great united city. Sears Roebuck, considering possible sites for the decentralization of its mighty business, passes over "a house divided against itself" in favor of the more amicable locations of St. Louis or Kansas City; and perhaps Montgomery Ward, already enormously established on "the Midway" and disturbed by the hubbub going on across its plant, may be sorry it came. The truth, demonstrated by the traced arc of Hill's dividers remains true, not for Minneapolis *or* St. Paul, but for the Twin Cities made one.

In the meantime much remains to be said of Minneapolis on its own behalf. Some years ago, when the Rev. Lyman Abbott visited the city, four hundred of the representative citizens gathered at luncheon to hear him speak on a National topic. At the close of his remarks Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, of an opposite political faith, was asked to respond for the State and the city. Unprepared, he did so rather lamely by contrast with the eloquent address which had preceded his own. After a while, becoming rather embarrassingly involved, he suddenly stopped, in a silence which became dramatic. Leaning forward, he pounded the table with his fist: "I don't care what Dr. Abbott thinks," said he.



The Falls of Minnehaha, made famous by Longfellow, who never visited either the Falls or the State of Minnesota. These Falls are near Fort Snelling. Mr. Marvin tells a story about them next week

"It is so profound a pleasure to listen to a man who originally *does* think."

Unconsciously, the Lincoln of the Northwest spoke for himself and for the type of intelligence that impresses a visitor in Minneapolis to-day. Conforming in all essential respects to well-established public opinion, Minneapolis manages to keep its own identity distinct. It is one of the strongest "open-shop" communities in the United States—open-shop in labor, open-shop in occupations. It is typical of this individuality that the Old Guard and their many youthful imitators walk to work. Ole Bull in bronze playing his magic violin in Loring Park represents a city of sincere music lovers. Every evening in the warm months by thousands the people come together in the parks, Scandinavians and Germans predominating, for communal singing; and at the end of the season one of the two leading newspapers awards a silver trophy cup to the best people's chorus. Minneapolis makes its own music in its own way, and enjoys it. Also it appreciates the best music of the masters. Not long after Major Henry Higginson formed in Boston the first great American symphony orchestra, E. L. Carpenter organized in Minneapolis its counterpart, which he has ever since insured in popular support. On the corner of the enormous Dayton department store, which occupies an entire city block, is sunk a bronze tablet recording the fact that the store is founded, as a house upon the rock, upon the old site of Westminster Church; and Mr. George Draper Dayton, like Oliver Wendell Holmes "seventy years young," goes on piling up fortunes without advertising in the Sun-

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day papers or keeping his show-windows illuminated on the Lord's Day. Minneapolis merchants do business in their own way.

In the sweeping circumference of parkways by which the city in wise forethought has protected its future development and, in some measure, insured its beauty, Charles M. Loring, another of the city's pioneers, has left in "Victory Drive," as an evidence of his own idealism and the originality of his community, one of the most singularly appropriate memorials of the great war. In four parallel rows he planted four miles of elm trees from one end to the other of this American Champs Élysée, each tree marked with the name of a Minnesota soldier fallen in the fight—each tree growing in living memory of that one man, and all together marching in victory.

Intricate Issues in Asia

By Frederick M. Davenport

The third and last article in the series growing out of the International Conference upon Pacific Relations, held in Honolulu in July

ONE who crosses the Pacific gets the impression of it as a vast and lonesome ocean. But around its shores, if you count India, which is Asiatic in its outlook, live more than two-thirds of the human race. The teeming populations of the western shore, the rising national and race consciousness in that area, the interwoven and vested interests of the white peoples, the plasticity of it all as compared with the hard-panned nature of Europe, unite to make the Pacific basin for America as well as for other nations the most seriously important section of the world.

America Eyes the East

THE time is here when the prophecy of William H. Seward in 1852 is fulfilled. "The shores of the Pacific," said he, "its islands and the regions beyond, will become the world's chief theater of events." President Roosevelt was impressed with the same conviction when he wrote President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, in 1905: "I believe that our future history will be more determined by our position on the Pacific facing China, than by our position on the Atlantic facing Europe."

I think this is the instinctive opinion of the people of the United States, and is revealed, as yet perhaps in a bungling way, in the kind of foreign policy which we insist upon for the Government at Washington to follow. We seem to have three popular kinds of foreign policy for three different sections of the earth. For Europe aloofness, except under the most extraordinary international crisis; for the Americans, a protecting arm and almost unlimited co-operation with other republics; for Asia, positive helpfulness and continuing co-operation with the nations of Europe and Asia whose homeland or possessions lie in this great region. Even in Europe we have permitted our Government to move a step forward from the complete isolation of the fathers. We allow Washington to carry out its policies through an indirect, unofficial technique. Washington has observers at Geneva, our members of the committees functioning practically completely. Upon non-political problems, such as those relating to opium or the protection of women and children, we are willing to have our representatives sit in closely. Upon reparations we are pleased to have Messrs. Dawes, Robinson, and Young, selected by our State Department but appointed by the Reparations Commission, bear dramatically the leadership and publicity of the enterprise. When the supremely vital reparations financing is finally determined upon in London, it so happens quite providentially and coincidentally that the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury, the American observers, the American Ambassador, the bankers from New York, the experts, the advisers, the technical assistants, all happen to be in London at the same time. This is our indirect technique, designed to emphasize the view that we desire to have nothing to do with the purely local political issues and the age-old political entanglements of Europe.

But the eye of our foreign policy has always looked benevolently out upon the Pacific. We have possessions stretching to the very shores of Asia. We have the Philippines, about which most of the time we appear to think or care nothing at all; but, as President Wilbur, of Leland Stanford, said at the Honolulu gathering, if anybody should suddenly take them away from us, we would not think of anything else until we got them back. Our idealism about territorial integrity and the open door for China are known of all men—known generally as rather ineffective bunk, I was shocked to learn when out in the middle of the Pacific. That is, our mental astuteness and moral pressure have only at intervals been sufficient to exert any particular influence against land-grabbing and doors slamming shut. But one thing is certain, Americans are not, and never have been, isolationists where Asia is concerned.

The Shanghai Riots

AND the great issue there is still China. Nothing was more evident at the Honolulu conference. There was more discussion of China than of all other countries put together. The causes of the recent Shanghai riots were explained and interpreted. The Bolshevists were not the cause. The riots were only so much tinder for their flame. The riots grew out of the shooting of a Chinese worker in a Japanese cotton-mill. The worker was protesting to the foreman in behalf of his striking fellows in order to secure payment of back wages, held out to make the laborers stick more certainly to their jobs; and the foreman shot the worker for his impudence and insubordination. This was in the heart of Shanghai, in the great international concession ruled over by an international Municipal Council, where the million Chinese have nothing to say and nothing to do except to pay seventy-five per cent of the taxes. Everything else is attended to by a small international oligarchy known as the Municipal Council, presided over by a perfectly good Englishman. Well, a body of students, who are of course a revered class in China, looked upon the shooting incident as a sign of foreign oppression and regarded the slain laborer as having died a martyr to the cause of the country. There seemed to be no other way of redress, and so they commemorated his death by a memorial service and a parade. During the parade some of the students milled over into the confines of this international area, and were promptly arrested by the international police. Then the whole body of students demanded to be arrested along with the few, and followed the police to headquarters. They had no weapons at all. The crowd increased in front of the station to about fifteen hundred. The police tried to disperse them, but the students

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still insisted upon being arrested. Then warning was given that they would be fired upon. The crowd broke out into laughter. They could not imagine it. Ten seconds later a British sergeant gave the signal to fire—forty-four shots altogether. As a result about a dozen died and twice as many were wounded, seven being shot in the back. Not even the influential Chinese in Shanghai condoned the mob lawlessness on the part of the students. They appreciated the social unwisdom of that sort of procedure. But the sense of outrage on the part of the people, particularly because of the shooting of students, was so great that a joint committee of investigation and conciliation was demanded. The stubborn tactlessness of the English authorities again asserted itself, and they stood pat behind the machine guns and the marines in the harbor. Thereupon the sense of outrage spread to the distant parts of the Empire.

China Emergent

THE relating of this incident at the conference opened wide at once the whole question of the growing foreign industrialization of China, with the increasing manifestations of radical unrest and strike agitation. It is clear that it is especially perilous for the Orient to make industrially the mistakes of the Occident. It is particularly necessary that the Orient should avoid the sweatshop and the slum, the long hours and the exploitation of women and children, of the weak and the poor, the underfeeding, the bad housing, and bad working conditions. It was brought out that unless we do all in our power to assist the Orient to avoid the costly mistakes made by the Occident during the evolution of the industrial system we shall suffer severely, directly and indirectly. The exploitation has already begun. The workers of China are not getting their share of the immense profits due to the introduction of machinery, power, management. The masses do not yet know it, but when they wake up there will be an explosion that will work great havoc under the existing political and social agitations and resentments of the Chinese people. Even now strikes run quickly into political radicalism. The new Russia is watching and is hard by. Also it appears that the swift development of the capitalistic system in China, with the worse exploitative features, and the consequent low costs of production, will mean fierce competition for the workers of the more advanced lands and have grave political and economic consequences there. This is notably true of England and Japan. It was suggested that it is even doubtful whether the full capitalistic system should be put into operation in China. There the individual operates naturally as a member of a family, a clan, a guild, and co-operative production as well as distribution in many fields might be more successful than in Europe. It was said that careful thought should be given in China and by the friends of China to determine whether at least a modified capitalism in line with the traditional habits of the people for thousands of years may not make up in happiness to the worker what might be lost in mere efficiency of production; whether a measure of the creative satisfaction which the worker now secures from his handicrafts may not be worth more than a life of inescapable monotony, bound to a machine and forced to seek relief in drink or drugs or in diversions totally disconnected with the daily occupation.

Every modern country has a direct personal selfish interest in the lifting of the standards of well-being among the toiling masses of India, Japan, and China. The destruction of the poor in the Orient is their poverty, and the growing consciousness of it is becoming the dynamic of Asia.

Foreign Courts in China

BUT China is in ferment over other issues. One is extra-territoriality, the privilege granted by China to foreigners, removing them from the jurisdiction of the national courts. This privilege carries with it the duty of the foreign Powers to see to it that their nationals are kept in order and adequately punished if found guilty of offense. This duty, it appears, has in many cases not been well performed by the foreign consular courts, and the Chinese believe they have suffered grievous wrongs. China alone is now subject to this impairment of her sovereignty. Japan freed herself from this restraint long ago, and Turkey also since the Great War. With the development of commerce and missionary activities and the presence of nationals from many treaty Powers at the open ports, and the right of all to travel in the interior and of missionaries to hold property and to reside there, it was shown that the system has become very complicated and developed far beyond the ideas of early negotiators. It was freely admitted that extra-territoriality is wrong and a serious infringement upon the sovereignty of China, and that relinquishment of these rights by the treaty Powers should come at the first opportunity; but it was strongly urged also that the condition of the law and the courts in China, now that the rights have become in a sense vested, does not warrant immediate abolition of extra-territoriality. China is beginning to draft modern codes, but she has not by any means an adequate number of judges to sit either in the large treaty ports or in the courts of first instance throughout the country.

The Washington Conference in 1922 agreed to the establishment of a commission to investigate the actual state of affairs with respect to extra-territoriality and report to the signatory Powers; but the formal exchange of ratifications of the Nine-Power Treaty, emanating from the Washington Conference and relating to China, has only just been accomplished, and the Chinese themselves have been cool to the investigation, either because they have feared that the report would be biased under the influence of foreign merchants thriving under the special privileges of the existing system, or because they themselves know that they are not nationally ready for the change.

Taxes Fixed by Foreigners

HOW many in this country are informed of the fact that a universal tariff rate of five per cent ad valorem has been fixed for China by the European Powers ever since 1842? Of course, this is a very low rate which permits of the exploitation of the market of four hundred million people. Now that China is becoming industrialized, how long should this process of tariff fixing by foreign Powers be allowed to continue? America has always insisted upon supporting high standards of living for her industrial classes through the protective tariff. Can we take any other position than that China should be allowed to do likewise for her laboring classes, just as a matter of human justice, to say nothing about the raw violation of sovereignty involved in the present practice? And yet any rapid change here would probably mean serious economic dislocation in nations like Great Britain and Japan which depend in considerable measure upon this artificial market in China. One reason for the feebleness of the Central Government of Peking is, of course, that the whole tax system of the nation is mortgaged to foreign Powers in one way or another.

When the entire indictment is drawn up, it is startling to what extent China has been stripped of territory, of sovereignty, and of national strength by the European Powers. And now the national consciousness is awakened. The masses of China for the first time are demanding their country back from those who have so long had control of it. Young China is also demanding that the nation put its

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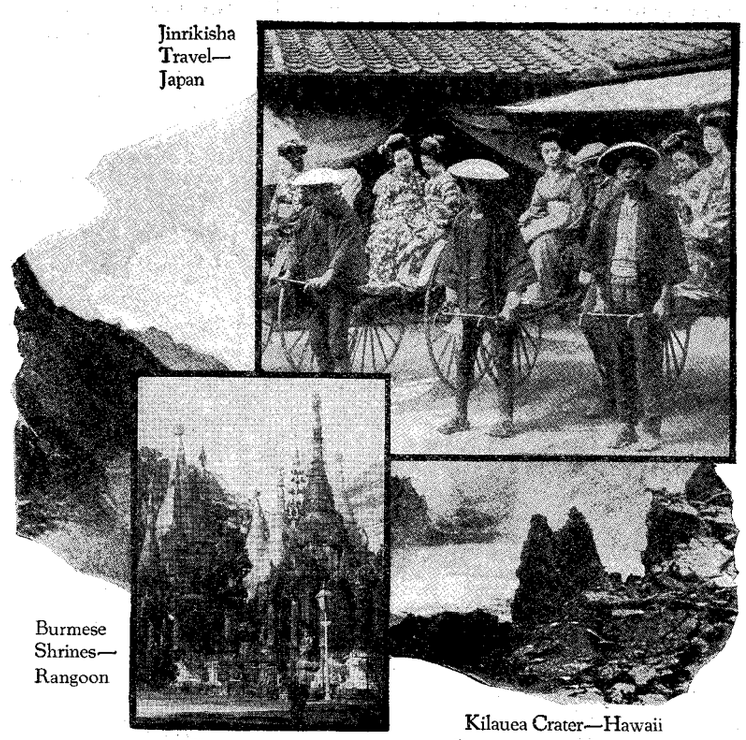
own house in order. The Chinese people themselves are by no means blameless. They have for generations allowed a weak, helpless, inert and venal Government to make corrupt bargains with foreign Powers.

The new spirit in China is still a hopeless minority spirit, but there are constructive forces at work which point to vast changes a little further on. The national mass education movement, the people's organizations centering around a common occupational interest, the students' patriotic movement which in 1918 forced the Chinese Government to refuse to sign the Versailles Treaty, the Nation-wide Anti-Opium Society, the "tea-house" public opinion which made abortive the "Twenty-one Demands" of Japan in 1915, the renaissance movement of the intellectuals to take stock of the mental heritage of China and to create new ideas and ideals—these are more than harbingers of a better day.

Capitalism, Christianity, and Battleships

THE effect of the Great War upon the national consciousness of China appears to have been very striking. A large element of the leadership seems to be questioning the real worth of Western civilization, its capitalism, its Christianity, its battleships. This time it is not reactionary Boxers, but student liberals whom Western civilization is facing. These critics describe Christianity as a religious mask for political and economic imperialism and exploitation. They charge Christianity with denominational prejudice, disunity, superstition, anti-nationalism, and hostility to science. They are themselves men of national consciousness and scientific spirit. The European War gave them their shock and cue. Their view is embodied in a telling and famous cartoon of wide dissemination in China—a giant, one foot on a battleship, one on a pile of guns, one hand pointing to an airplane, the other resting on a tank, breathing out of his mouth poison gas which is framing itself in the sky into the letters—"In God we trust." If that is European Christianity, they are through with it, even though they are not through with Christ.

The conference at Honolulu brought these issues and angles of Asiatic sentiment, and many others, full into the light of discussion and reflection. They should give the Powers pause. Should they not lead America to consider more seriously than is her wont her diplomatic as well as moral responsibility in the Pacific? The conference permitted no conclusions and no statements of policy. But must not America formulate wise conclusions? China is still our chief moral as



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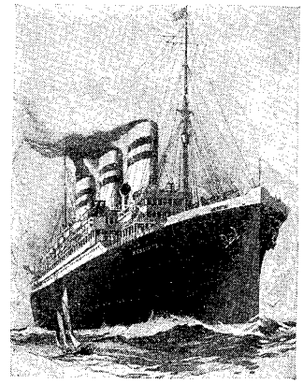

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well as diplomatic problem among the nations. The strengthening of China against dissolution and exploitation is still the way of justice, as well as of our own National comfort and protection against unending turmoils and war perils in the Pacific. Not by jingo irritations of Japan nor tail-twisting of the British lion, but by intelligent co-operation with both these countries in a programme of helpfulness and hope for the sovereign Chinese people—this moral alliance should have power to checkmate Russia as the traditional disturber of Asiatic peace, hold back even a Teutonized Russia from the further imperialistic exploitation of Asia, open Mongolia to Chinese and Japanese migration, and shield the shores of the western United States from even the possibility of invasion. The expansion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance into one which included America came none too soon.

Camp Roosevelt, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Rhyme and Reason

IT used to be my experience to have some of my themes returned by teachers of English composition with the comment that they were lacking in unity. Later, when I began to offer manuscripts to editors, they would occasionally take refuge in the same excuse for refusing them. Sometimes it was just; sometimes it struck me as a very bad reason indeed. Undoubtedly, it is orthodox procedure for the editor of the literary section of a paper to group his books by subject and refuse to let the writers of reviews ramble through a miscellaneous collection of books, merely on the ground that they are all *books,* and, therefore, may be discussed together.

A rule is a good one when it may be broken for cause, and I confess that the string which binds together the books mentioned in this article is simply that I have been reading them and finding enjoyment in them this summer. A few indeed have been put aside for a longer time than I like to admit, because they were especially interesting and deserved long treatment. One of the discouraging things about reviewing books is the limitation of space, and the necessity for discussing, in a paragraph, an admirable book which deserves its two or three pages just as much as some of the others which happened to get that amount.

Frank Scudamore's "A Sheaf of Memories"[1] is included through its own merits and interest rather than by any intention of mine. When I saw that it was another volume of recollections by a war correspondent, it seemed to be one of a large tribe and not apt to detain an American reader long. As a matter of fact, I have returned to it again and again, reading in it here and there, and have found it one of the liveliest and best of its kind. The author may be the oldest living English war correspondent. He went to Turkey with his father in 1875, when his father organized the Turkish postal system. Later, Mr. Scudamore was in practically all the Egyptian and Near-Eastern campaigns for thirty or forty years, and witnessed most of the stirring events and knew all of the great figures in Egypt and the Sudan during that remarkable period. His stories of Constantinople under the old empire, of Kitchener and the other Sirdars, and of fights like that at Omdurman, are delightfully related. He never takes himself too seriously, nor is his book an attempt at a history or a treatise. It is amusing, and mainly it is light and easy reading, with curious anecdotes like that concerning Slatin Pasha and the stork. I may add that if this should come to the eyes of the Librarian of the University of California he will find the book to his taste.

In "On the Trail of the Bad Men"[2] Arthur Train delivers his farewell to the law, and as he leaves he curses it roundly. Henceforth the literary life for him, and no more quibbles and quiddities. This is too bad. There may be two opinions about Mr. Train as a novelist, but I am prepared to fight any one who says that the books which resulted from his experience in the District Attorney's office (such as "True Stories of Crime") are not the very best of their kind. Mr. Train ought to be permanent District Attorney of New York, with many deputies to harry the criminals and much leisure to write books about the adventures of his office. The title essay in this book is rather a disappointment. The essay on the office of District Attorney, and those on animals in court, on women in the jury-box, and the laws about dogs, are all rather reminiscent of his earlier books. But they are decidedly pleasant. Warmed-over reminiscences from Mr. Train are far and away better than the profound and original thoughts of most lawyers when they try to write anything outside their own dreary professional productions.

Arthur Guiterman's "A Poet's Proverbs"[3] makes its readers wonder again how this man can be a Charles Stuart Calverley, a Benjamin Franklin, and a Chinese sage all in one. Perhaps the aphorisms and sententious sayings and precepts are not new; nobody to-day can invent a new moral lesson. They all originated in the reign of the Emperor Hwang. Mr. Guiterman, however, contrives to give them a new and amusing twist, and his phraseology is always thoroughly American. Take, for example, this:

"Who'd ever fancy," mused the wise old Frog,
"That *I* was once a simple Pollywog!"

or this—

The Hen that Roosted High and didn't Cluck
Escaped the Fox—that wasn't wholly Luck.

Many years ago Richard Harding Davis wrote a story called "A Walk Up the Avenue"—meaning Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Central Park. His hero did not pass the Waldorf Astoria, as that hotel was not yet built. That was a pity, for there is almost always something doing near the Waldorf. One may puzzle why the Chinese or the Liberian flag is displayed and wonder what potentate is visiting the hotel; or one may be held up while a President, a Prince, or a King comes in; or, best of all, at breakfast time, one used to be able to look at the satisfied couples eating their grapefruit at the tables near the windows. To me they always seemed to be saying, "Well, mother, I guess if the folks in Bucksport could see us now it would make their eyes stick right out." Edward Hungerford has written "The Story of the Waldorf-Astoria"[4] with fair success. He had a great opportunity for a good book.

[1] A Sheaf of Memories. By Frank Scudamore. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

[2] On the Trail of the Bad Men. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

[3] A Poet's Proverbs. By Arthur Guiterman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

[4] The Story of the Waldorf-Astoria. By Edward Hungerford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.75.

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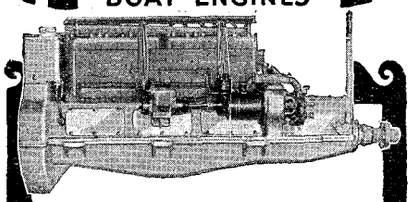

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GENEALOGIST

FAMILY HISTORIES, GENEALOGICAL AND heraldic works. Researches made. CHARLES A. O'CONNOR, 21 Spruce St., New York.

Nothing could be more amusing than the cosmopolitan town that exists, with daily shifting of population, inside the walls of a great hotel. Arnold Bennett appreciated that when he wrote "The Grand Babylon Hotel," a book despised by critics, but no worse for that reason. Mr. Hungerford tells about the men who have made the Waldorf: George C. Boldt, the famous Oscar, and Mr. Boomer, whose name sounds like that of an American in an English novel. He tells about guests like Li Hung-chang, the Prince of Wales, the King of Belgium, and others, and about the Bradley Martin Ball, which only us old, old people can remember. He discusses the humiliating incident of the hot water for Prince Henry's bath. It is an entertaining book.

There is a comic or eccentric history of Chicago[5] written, I believe, by Mr. Frank Chandler. Mr. Chandler wrote me a letter about it. He said he had sent me a copy, and that I hadn't paid any attention to it. He intimated that we did not review any books in The Outlook unless the publisher advertised with us. If he only knew how little I know about what the Advertising Department is doing! If he only knew that that Department regards me (as the East, in Matthew Arnold's poem, regarded the Roman Legions) with silent, deep disdain! But Mr. Chandler has sent another copy of his book, and as he says that the book is intended to amuse, I will testify that it is a success. I cannot, it is true, read all the description of the author's wedding, as copied from the Chicago newspapers, but I found some of his early chapters, with their parodies on the ancient style of history, ingenious and diverting, and the illustrations are novel. Not a book for serious historians, however.

"Anatole France Himself"[6] is a translation of "Anatole France en Pantoufles," and a counterblast to one or two biographies which have tried to make the great author a plaster saint. This goes to the other extreme, and shows him as an old rogue, although often a lovable and humorous rogue. He keeps books, which are sent him, in his bath tub, and receives with surprise and delight the fifty francs which a second-hand dealer gives him for the books when he carries them away. He had supposed that he would have to pay the dealer for relieving him of the burden. Presumably the France family bathed between times. He mocks at the church, but he loves eccle-

[5] Che-Cau-Gou, A History—A Romance. By Onkwe Ganinwari. The Faithorn Company, Chicago.

[6] Anatole France Himself; A Boswellian Record. By His Secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by John Pollock. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

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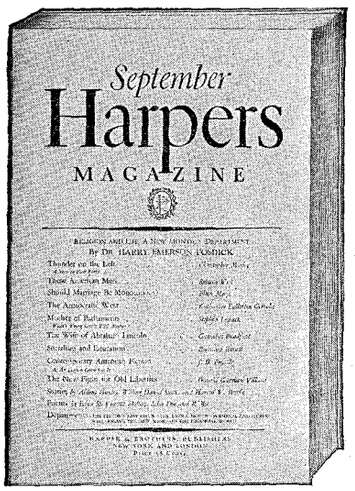

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IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

RELIGION AND LIFE, *by Dr. Harry E. Fosdick*
THUNDER ON THE LEFT, *by Christopher Morley*
THESE AMERICAN MEN, *by Rebecca West*
SHOULD MARRIAGE BE MONOTONOUS? *by Elton Mayo*
THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST, *by Katharine F. Gerould*
THE WIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *by Gamaliel Bradford*
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siastical pomp and trappings, and cannot resist talking piously through his nose when a bishop comes to solicit his vote for membership in the Academy. He demands *eight proofs* of his books from the printer. And when he is caught by a gendarme in an indiscreet flirtation in the park he escapes the official's wrath by showing his card, proving that he is a member of the great Forty Immortals. Try to imagine a member of the corresponding American society eluding a policeman in Central Park in that fashion!

William Rose Benét's "Poems for Youth"[7] is an anthology of American poetry, consisting of a rather brief selection, beginning with FitzGreene Halleck and Bryant, and ending with about twenty men and women who are writing to-day. As a rule only one or two poems by each poet are included, and, although the title indicates that the selection was made for young readers, it is an admirable collection for anybody. The Introduction is readable and vigorous, and the biographical and critical notes form a valuable feature from which I received a great deal of information and entertainment. A good Christmas gift for a high school boy or girl.

C. MacLaurin's "Mere Mortals"[8] is not to be read by any one with a weak stomach. The author, an Australian physician, also wrote "Post Mortem." Both books are speculations on the diseases which afflicted persons like Doctor Johnson, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Elizabeth, Ivan the Terrible, and other important men and women of past centuries. It is a disagreeable subject, but Dr. MacLaurin is never dull, and he hates sham and humbug. It is sad to learn that he died recently, at the early age of fifty-three. He seems to believe that almost all the diseases suffered by people in the Middle Ages and in the seventeenth and eighteen centuries are to be explained by syphilis. It is not for a layman to say that a physician is right or wrong, but the constant recurrence of that disease in all these essays makes one remember that physicians have always had a tendency to emphasize some one disease at certain periods of history.

This is not a merry book. *Must* you have dancing sunbeams in every volume? Then read how many doctors Charles II had, and what they did to him, and be glad—as glad as Polyanna—that you are not a seventeenth-century monarch.

E. L. P.

[7] Poems for Youth, An American Anthology. Compiled by William Rose Benét. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

[8] Mere Mortals, Medico-Historical Essays. By C. MacLaurin. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Fiction

AN OCTAVE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

The family and business life of a genial but not enterprising London book publisher furnish the raw material for a readable story. His wife worries him over his daughter's infatuation for a cultured Socialist, his partner worries him over his failing business, his authors worry him, he has some reason to worry over his wife's flirtation; but he refuses to get desperate and goes on dining and playing "snooker" billiards at his club. We like him.

BRING! BRING! By Conrad Aiken. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

Of these thirteen stories, one, "The Dark City," deludes the reader up to the final page into believing that Mr. Conrad Aiken has for once chosen to deal, and deal delightfully, with a group of people neither overpowered by sex nor overshadowed by doom; but at the last moment the ominous cloud looms up portentous. It is with no weak wish for the merely happy-ending variety of tale that one deplores the preponderance of the painful and unpleasant in these stories; but, if only as a foil, one craves the presence of some women whose instincts are virginal, some men whose natures are stronger or kindlier or finer than the ignoble types that almost wholly engage the author's talents. Without them the book produces an effect more depressing and repellent than either interesting or impressive.

GREENERY STREET. By Dennis Mackail. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

It is a pleasure to praise this cheerful and humorous story. It is like that jovial play "The First Year" in that both describe early married life and housekeeping, but it is gentler and more refined. One smiles, not guffaws, all the way through. We don't wonder that it has had a big success in London.

OUT OF THE BLUE. By H. C. McNeile ("Sapper"). The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Short stories by the author of "Bulldog Drummond." Nearly all of them have a surprise; they are thrilling yarns with a kick in them. The first story is very good; some of the others are pretty good; one or two attempt too much and are plain duds.

THE CHARTREUSE OF PARMA. By Stendhal. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Every one who has read literary criticism has seen countless references to Stendhal (Henri Beyle was his real name) as a great novelist and precursor of modern fiction, but few of us have read his books. This, his masterpiece, was written about 1830, and this translation by Lady Mary Lord was copyrighted in

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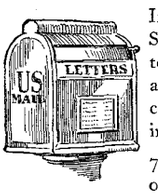

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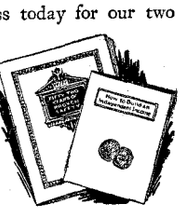

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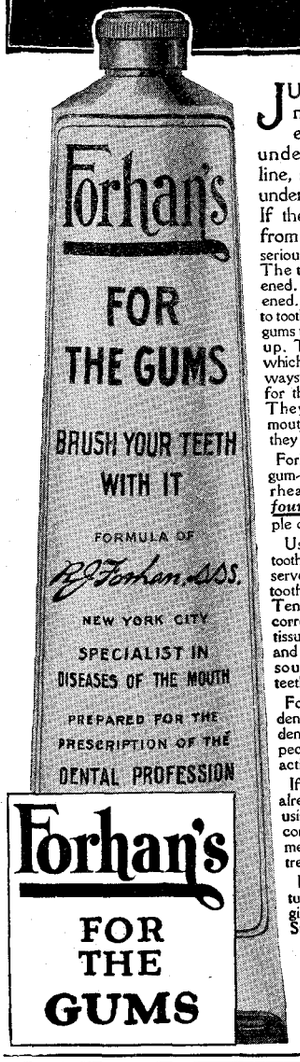

JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

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1901. It deals with the confused social state of Europe after Napoleon had turned things topsy-turvy. It is well done and really modern in spirit—but, oh, so slow!

Biography

JOHN A. BRASHEAR: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MAN WHO LOVED THE STARS. Edited by W. Lucien Scaife. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

This is the uncritically edited autobiography of a man who combined in an extraordinary manner great simplicity of character with a high degree of mechanical genius. He was the foremost maker of astronomical lenses of his day and a master in the art of making plane surfaces, and he was also, as the foreword says, "Pennsylvania's best-loved citizen, the intimate of millionaires and paupers, of scientists, educators, and untutored workmen, the friend of the newsboy, the natural, easy playmate of little blind children." A man without formal education, he was selected by Andrew Carnegie to have a large share in making and executing the plans for the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The book as it stands is a combination of much trivial personal reminiscence, with chapters of genuine interest, such as that on the making of the twelve-inch reflector.

Religion

HUMAN NATURE AND THE GOSPEL. By William Lyon Phelps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Some three years ago Mr. Phelps published "Human Nature in the Bible." In that book he treated the Old Testament as a masterpiece of literature, and "undertook to consider it as a revelation of human nature in the sublimity, baseness, wisdom, folly, courage, cowardice, tragedy, comedy, normalcy, and whimsicality that have ever been characteristic of men and women." He now attempts in his good-humored and common-sense style to perform the same office for the New Testament. The result is a readable if not inspired commentary on the chief persons and situations of the Gospel narrative. The problems of Modernism and the higher criticism will not disturb the reader, for they do not disturb the writer. He accepts the traditional views of the Virgin Birth, of the miracles and the Resurrection, without question or embarrassment. His attitude is expressed in this passage: "The whole question of the Virgin Birth need not afflict the average man. If Jesus is unique, unlike any other person, it is not illogical to believe that his birth was unique; but if Jesus was simply a good man, then the Christian religion—as a religion—loses its foundation. In the presence of the Supreme Miracle of the Incarnation, other miracles are of minor importance." The book is especially successful in making clear the personalities of many figures who to most of us are confused or vague; notably of Paul and Luke, whose missionary adventures are the subject of a crisp and vivid narrative.

Notes on New Books

BRITISH PREACHERS. By Sir James Marchant. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.75.

A collection of the best sermons printed in Great Britain in 1925, with biographical information about their preachers.

AN EDUCATIONAL AMBASSADOR TO THE NEAR EAST. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $2.50.

President Mary Mills Patrick and her work at the head of the Constantinople Woman's College.

STAY YOUNG. By Raymond Leslie Goldman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

About health and happiness.

MOSES MONTEFIORE. By Paul Goodman. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.

The life of the famous Jewish philanthropist.

Rolls and Discs

By Lawrence Jacob Abbott

Phonograph Records

DOUBT (Glinka); **LE COR** (de Vigny-Flegier). Sung by Feodor Chaliapin. Victor.

"Doubt" is a Russian love-song tinged with the pessimism which all listeners have a right to expect from Russian music. A continuous violin *obbligato* makes it almost a "love duet" for bass and violin. "Le Cor"—which appropriately introduces horn calls, becomes intensely stormy, and then ends in majestic calmness—gives Chaliapin a greater opportunity to display his vocal gifts. But, for all its variety, it lacks the cumulative effectiveness of the Glinka song. In both compositions Chaliapin's voice is nothing short of masterful. This record was made in Europe; it seemed that the piano accompaniment, especially at the beginning of "Doubt," "recorded" less clearly than in most of the American-made records.

CARMEN—FANTASIE (Bizet-Sarasate); **HAVANAISE** (Saint-Saëns). Played by Jascha Heifetz. Victor.

Two selections of Spanish atmosphere—garnished and decorated with tricks out of the violin virtuoso's bag: double-stops, harmonics, and pizzicato passages. Heifetz takes one's breath away with his barely audible high notes. But it is not such stunts that make the great musi-

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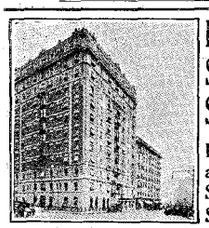

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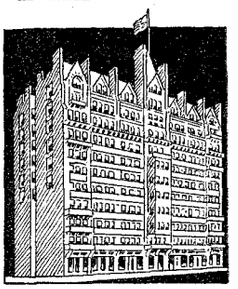

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NURSERY governess wanted for three children, in Cincinnati, about September 15. References exchanged. Address Mrs. F. V. Geier, Bay Head, N. J.

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MATRON wishes position, institution or housekeeper, hotel or inn. Experienced. 6,318, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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cian. The Carmen Fantasie is full of melody. Here, as well, Heifetz shows his superb technique, his delicacy of phrasing and appropriateness of treatment. Such playing as this puts him in a position second to Kreisler. Some may say Kreisler is already displaced, but in our humble opinion there is a magic ingredient in his playing that no other violinist has been able to discover. The Havanaise degenerates into showy display, but makes up for this just before the end by a passage with particularly nice harmonization and phrasing.

SLAVONIC DANCE (Dvorák); **TRAUMEREI** (Schumann). Played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff. Brunswick.

Under Sokoloff, the Cleveland Orchestra has a high place among musical organizations. We should like to hear it do something bigger than the two above selections. Of course, it may be excused for playing the Slavonic Dance; but it certainly should be censured for selecting something as threadbare as the transcription of "Träumerei." Dvořák's Slavonic Dance is performed gracefully, with excellent contrast of orchestral groupings. Although this piece depends on a colorful use of instruments for much of its effect, it has also a contagious rhythmic swing that gives it added zest. The "Träumerei" abounds in long-held notes. Here we noticed the slight wavering effect mentioned once before in this column. Often, it should be said, this is the fault of the particular record, due to the hole being off center; another record of the same selection may be perfectly true in tone.

WALTZ IN C SHARP MINOR (Chopin); **ÉTUDE IN A FLAT MAJOR** (Chopin). Played by Alfred Cortot. Victor.

For interpretation, Cortot plays Chopin well nigh perfectly. But his tone seems hard and metallic. While both are exquisite pieces for pianoforte, the record does not seem to be among the best that have been done of piano music. The waltz abounds in rapid scale passages and intricate work, done most excellently.

ESTRELLITA (Ponce); **NO TE VAYAS TE LO PIDO** (Spanish popular song). Sung by Amelita Galli-Curci. Victor.

Musical interest is totally lacking in these songs. They appear to serve no other purpose than to exploit the voice of Galli-Curci.

BLUES IN F (Lange); **WIGWAM BLUES** (McKenzie). Played by the Mound City Blue Blowers. Brunswick.

"Blue blowing" appears to be a separate and highly specialized department in the art of playing jazz. It is one step removed from all other music. If, from mere curiosity, you want to see what can be done with jazz on the extreme "left wing," by all means hear this record. The instruments wander all around a note before hitting it. The effect is barbaric—but not so unpleasant as it sounds.

Piano Rolls

INTERMEZZO, Opus 119, No. 2 (Brahms). Played by Myra Hess. Duo-Art.

Here, in one piece, is the breadth of Bach, the playfulness of Schumann, and the masculinity of—Brahms. It is short, but very perfect in its brevity. We wholly approve of this as an addition to one's musical library.

SONATA, Opus 81—First movement, adagio—allegro (Beethoven). Played by Guiomar Novaes. Duo-Art.

Beethoven has the rare gift of being able to say things bluntly, with an eloquence devoid of subtleties—and, at the same time, sounding inspired and not prosaic or tiresome. This sonata movement has an engaging frankness about it. In the interpretation, too, part of the success is due to an absence of anything like straining for effect.

CAPRICE—B Flat (Scarlatti-Hutcheson). Played by Ernest Hutcheson. Duo-Art.

Fresh and sparkling, this sprightly caprice moves along at a rapid pace. It finds sympathetic handling in the light, deft treatment of Mr. Hutcheson. It is for those whose fancies turn toward the unaffected simplicity of an age when it was not considered a sin not to be original.

PRELUDES, Opus 28, No. 17, A Flat—No. 16, B Flat Minor (Chopin). Played by Mieczyslaw Münz. Ampico.

The first of the two preludes is quiet. In contrast comes the electrifying effect of the second. It is short, and hardly seems to start on its bold, wild course before it stops. It contains nothing of Chopin, the dreamy sentimentalist. Once before we had occasion to comment favorably on Mr. Münz's choice of Chopin. Again we do so.

BALLADE—Variations on a Norwegian Melody (Grieg). Played by Frederic Dixon. Ampico.

There is a mournful, wistful beauty in the old folk melody of Norway which forms the basis of the Ballade. In its simple statement it is remarkably effective. To this Grieg adds the sophistication of a series of variations with interesting pianistic effects, leading up to a powerful climax of symphonic breadth.

RURALIA HUNGARICA, Opus 32a, No. 2 (Dohnányi). Played by Ernst von Dohnányi. Ampico.

This piece is almost startling in its harmony, strong rhythms, and vigorous treatment. It has a Chinese tonality, its theme being in a five-note scale. But, since it has nothing of imperturbability, we know it cannot be Chinese.

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